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A good many readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW having expressed interest in the "Sketches from the Front" by "A Sergeant in Kitchener's", we may mention that the second article in the series will appear in next week's issue.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The French differ from the British. They, none of them, believe in half-fighting or in a sort of policy of pacific-militarism—the policy which the No-Conscriptionists and the Voluntarists generally, every day in every kind of way, open and insidious, impress on the Government and on the public. The French policy towards the Germans is well expressed in a drastic phrase used of the attitude of the French Marines who held Dixmude against the Germans in the glorious struggles of October 1914: These French Marines longed and meant, said M. le Goffic, "to grease their bayonets in the bellies of the Germans". The saying is rather terrible, no doubt, but the French people know that it has to be this policy against the Germans—or else ruin and defeat for France. We cannot detect much sign of bayonet grease about the proceedings of Parliament on its reassembling this week. The papers actually report the picturesque search with a lanthorn for Guy Faux in the vaults of St. Stephens! Might it not be somewhat more to the point to search among the 22,000 uninterned enemy aliens in this country to-day for a few possible spies and signallers?

Perhaps the two outstanding passages in the Government speeches in both Houses were those in which Lord Kitchener hinted, not so very remotely, that still more men might be wanted—owing to the exemptions—and in which Mr. Asquith announced he would ask for another huge vote of credit next week. Mr. Asquith once again preached from the text economy. We wish we could see some sign that the sermon was being practised by the Government. But Land Valuation still goes quaintly on; the

National Insurance Act, borrowed from Germany, still employs many hundreds—we put it at a low figure—of young men; and huge departmental expenditure all round is still the order of the day. As to private economy, what can prevent great masses of our people, whose household education has been entirely neglected, from flinging away bread, meat, all manner of food, into the dustbins and gutters, thrift having been regarded for many years past as the base gospel of Smiles, if not of Satan? We fear the last Government no more prepared for thrift than they prepared for war.

But the first debate brought a speech of true merit, fine in phrasing and sure in taste. The "Times" did well to report this speech of Sir Mark Sykes in the first person, which is the only person that makes a speech readable. We advise people who have missed it to turn to the "Times" of 16 February and read it, for its wise warnings and humane criticism. Sir Mark Sykes proposes a Cabinet of four: "I think five an evil number because it enables one person to take up a neutral position between two sets of counsels, and then we get back to compromise". He would take away their offices and make them, simply, run the war. We lean to the number three; and it might not be a bad thing if one turned out a Lepidus and got sent about his business, the second an Antony, carried off by some designing Cleopatra, leaving Cæsar in undisputed control.

The capture of Erzerum after five days of unprecedented assault is a heartening achievement: it brings relief to the Armenian citizens, and a reviving joy to the Russian people; it marks the renaissance of the Russian Army and a serious blow to Germany's plans. For Erzerum is the key to the Asiatic possessions of the Turk, who will now be more disposed to attend to his own domestic safety. Adventures towards Egypt will have less attraction for him now, and he may be obliged to withdraw troops from Mesopotamia in order to meet the progressive purpose of the Grand Duke Nicholas and his Chief of Staff, General

Yanuchkevitch. Another result of this heartening success against the capital of Turkish Armenia is the checking effect which it will have on the Turkish-German doings in North-Western Persia.

The Russians fought in a piercing cold, which at times was 56 degrees below freezing-point, and it is unimaginable how they moved their great siege-guns through a snowed-up country almost as primitively roadless as in the year 1. Precipitous gorges and rugged steps form the eastern breastwork of Erzerum, and earthworks and fifteen forts had to be captured. Correspondents relate that many Turks were frozen to death. All over the mountains between the Chorok river and the high plateau of Erzerum were hundreds of frozen corpses and thousands of tons of abandoned stores and munitions. Avalanches added to the tumult of the attack and defence; there were terrible charges and counter-attacks with the bayonet. Général Janvier favoured the attack, incessant movement enabling the Russians to bear up against the cold. Too many congratulations cannot be offered to their perfect bravery.

Local attacks on the Western Front have been frequent this week, and the Germans appear to be feeling their way towards a genuine offensive. A week ago they broke into our trenches at Pilkem, north of Ypres, but were driven out by bombing parties; and tried to cross the Yser Canal at Steenstraete and Het Sast, only to be thrown back by the French. In Champagne, north-east of Mesnil Hill, the French took and held a long stretch of trench, while a little to the west, between the Navarin and St. Souplet roads, the Germans claimed a successful nibble and 200 prisoners. Last Sunday, in the neighbourhood of Vimy, the enemy attacked at four points, meeting with checks, and on Monday they were punished for their recent success at Frise, in the Somme Valley, for the French regained some trenches in the district of Dompierre and surrounded and captured 70 men and a captain.

Elsewhere on the same day the Germans scored, both at Sept, in Alsace, and near the Tahure-Somme-Py road, in Champagne; but each success was a mere local incident, and the one in Champagne was partly annulled on Tuesday. On Monday night, after a heavy bombardment on the whole front of the Ypres salient to the north of Hooze, the enemy made several infantry attacks on the British front and captured 600 yards of front trench between the Ypres-Comines Canal and the Ypres-Comines Railway. Fighting still continues in this neighbourhood, but the lost trench—known as the International Trench, because it has changed hands frequently—has yet to be recovered.

There is no cause to feel uneasiness over the question of the relative strength—both speed and gun power—of the British Fleet and of the German Fleet. We have reason to believe that the superiority in this respect over the enemy with which Great Britain started the war in August 1914 is maintained to-day. The 17-inch gun likelihood need not disturb people. The Fleet is watched over by wise and able men, and agitations for a change are unwise to-day. The "Morning Post" has done a public service in clearly showing this.

The loss of the "Arethusa" upon a gallant errand in the North Sea touches the Fleet and the whole nation very nearly. Those whom the gods of battle love die young. The "Arethusa" was young in days, but old in fight. Her fight in the Heligoland encounter was one of the finest things in our naval history, and made her official heiress to all the honours of her famous name. In the Cuxhaven raid she fought above and below, with Zeppelins and submarines, and later in the battle of the Dogger Bank she came to hard terms with the "Blücher". Now, at last, she perishes, falling to that treacherous Thug of the sea, the float-

ing mine. The sympathy of the whole nation goes out to her gallant Commodore, Reginald Y. Tyrwhitt, and his men.

The Allies have this week renewed their earlier pledge to the Belgian Government and have added the following significant paragraph:

"The Allied and Guaranteeing Powers declare that, when the moment comes, the Belgian Government will be called upon to take part in the peace negotiations, and that they will not end hostilities until Belgium has been restored to her political and economic independence, and liberally indemnified for the damage she has sustained. They will lend their aid to Belgium to ensure her commercial and financial recovery."

The last sentence is especially to be noticed. The Central Powers are already setting afoot in all their occupied territories measures to secure the control, when the war is finished, of their finances and trade. We have to see to it that the German evacuation shall be real—not merely ostensible. Not only the German armies have to be rooted out of Belgium, but the German agent and financier. Belgium's independence, when the war is over, must be unassailable—unassailable not merely in a military sense, but unassailable by that "peaceful conquest" which, as we are now beginning to see, is part and parcel of Germany's political warfare.

Wednesday's debate upon our resources for meeting the Zeppelins was not reassuring. We are behind, and must be content to stay behind. Mr. Balfour, speaking for his Department, said: "The Central Powers had made every preparation... It is a matter of notoriety that we had not made preparations". This statement was deeply underlined by Mr. Bonar Law later in the debate. "Not only the air service", said Mr. Bonar Law, "but every branch of our fighting forces was not in any sense prepared for the kind of struggle in which we are now engaged". The conclusion is that now we must pay for it—pay, among other things, for our fat years of demagoguery from 1906-1914.

Meantime the Government promises us a Joint Committee. The air service—so the last order seems to run, though we do not quite profess to be sure that we understand it—is still to be controlled partly by the Admiralty and partly by the War Office. Zeppelins over the North Sea are the concern of the First Lord. Zeppelins over London are the concern of the War Minister. The impression left by this debate was so bad that Lord Kitchener's statement on the following day came as a relief. Information is to be better, organisation more strict, and the lack of material is to be rapidly made good. Lord French is definitely in command, advised by Sir Percy Scott. The new gunners are not to be clerks, serving in their sleeping hours, but practised men from the front. But we still look for unity of control. Why not put the air service under the control of one responsible man? An excellent man for the post would be Lord Sydenham—a man of hard, clear sense and of a cool temper. Vieille Moustache urges his qualifications for this position in the military article this week.

A great deal of indignation was expressed at a meeting held in the City on Monday to discuss our use of sea power. Lord Devonport and Mr. T. G. Bowles pointed out, with truth, that Germany still manages to get in supplies through neutral ports. It is entirely natural and right that this fact should be deplored—it is a deplorable fact. But it has never yet been clearly explained by the extreme critics of the Foreign Office what exactly we ought to do about it. Is it proposed that we should put a loaded blunderbuss to the head of every neutral Government whose commodities are likely to slip into Germany? Until this proposal has been quite frankly made and its effect on the position of the Allies thoroughly explored,

with a knowledge of all the facts, our indignation rather looks like a beating of the air.

We do not agree with Mr. Bowles that the Coalition Government has failed so signally as the last purely partisan and extraordinarily unsuccessful Government which preceded it. Under the Coalition Government we have at least achieved at home the first real stroke of war, namely, a measure of obligatory or compulsory military service. We believe that Mr. Bowles wholly disapproves of obligatory or compulsory service: yet, without it, there would not be the remotest chance of really overcoming Germany; all must now agree to that. And, as he would of course freely admit, every warlike nation in the world has adopted it; and—with the singular exception of the United States—every civilised nation in the world has adopted it. Possibly one or two remote and necessarily backward countries in South America are still without their system of National Service. The Coalition Government may have been dilatory in regard to this great step, it may finally have been driven into it; but the fact does remain—and we ought all to acknowledge it—that in the end the principle of obligatory military service has been gained through that Government. Such a good blow has been struck by no other British Government for many a long year past. In criticising this Government, let us all try to be fair.

Of the Military Service Act, by the way, the "New York World" has this week remarked that "*it is to Berlin as a great battle lost*". That is true. But will the "New York World" further inform us how we in this country ought to regard *those English papers and those English persons who tried their utmost to prevent Berlin losing the battle in question?*

Trying to sneak out of the Military Service Act: a striking illustration of this may be found in a letter signed "Justicia", for which the "Westminster Gazette" characteristically preserved a nice snug corner at the bottom of page 2 last Wednesday. The writer of the letter in question has a tearful complaint against "the Hon. W. Long, M.P.". Anything to dodge or discredit the principle of compulsory service now it can no longer be defeated!

Germany still pursues her claim to regard armed merchantmen or liners as lawfully open to be sunk at sight by her submarines. This is simply to plead again that her submarine tactics are, from start to finish, defensible. Her submarines attacked and sank liners and merchantmen without warning. In self-defence some of them now carry a gun or guns. This, it is argued, makes them fair prey for the original aggressor. President Wilson regards this as making null and void Germany's "concessions" in the "Lusitania" controversy. He abides by the principle for which he originally contended.

We have had this week another lengthy memorial upon thrift, and, meantime, a committee has got to work on the paper supply. Clearly we need to see in this coming session something better than memorials of good advice or the piecemeal prohibition of this or that imported article. Thrift will have to be enforced by reasonable taxation—above all, by a general tariff distributed at large among a great number of articles imported from neutral countries for consumption at home. Such taxation is the only thorough way of solving our financial and industrial problems. It will raise revenue upon the goods which continue to come in; it will tend to restrict consumption, thereby encouraging thrift on the one hand and releasing tonnage gradually and equitably on the other; it will finally, when worked out in conjunction with the Dominion Governments, prepare the whole Empire for a strictly organised industrial campaign against the finance of the Central Powers. The way of economic security and strength lies in imperial federation based (1) on an

imperial constitution, and (2) on the economic solidarity and self-support of the Empire.

Thursday's debate on the shipping muddle curiously avoided the question of "prohibition". The theme was maximum freights and Government methods of requisition. The state of affairs revealed is serious indeed. One of the worst features revealed in the debate is the competition between the Allies in ships and freights. It is quite clear that prohibitions which nibble at this particular import or that are absurdly out of proportion to the evil.

"Steady's the word" in regard to the proposal for planting soldiers, on their return, on the land as tenants of State small holdings. We like the proposal less and less, and are glad to note that Mr. Ryder—who writes to us this week on the matter—views it askance. If we go in a hurry into any visionary and theoretic scheme of the kind, we shall soon find ourselves planting on the land—and in many cases on poor and difficult land, too—the last men in the world who are qualified for such a life. Farming in England is a very difficult and uncertain occupation; and, anyhow, it would be idle to adopt small holdings on a considerable scale until the whole question of the future status of corn—particularly wheat—has been settled. Sir H. C. Verney, M.P., and his friends cannot fail to understand that small farming, to succeed widely in this country, means an ample tax on all foreign wheat. That is about the first essential. We hope his Committee has not overlooked this and other questions of paramount importance. Meanwhile we must again urge that it is wise to go very slowly in the matter. We advise all people who really understand English land questions to guard against this matter being "rushed". State small-holdings are unsuited to this country; and the idea must not be seriously entertained. It is even an insidious and vicious form of Socialism. If it is persisted in by zealots and theorists, a strong public protest must at once be registered; and we hope that Mr. Ryder, Lord Fortescue, and others will keep their eye on the matter.

Mr. Justice Low's summing up and verdict in the Fownes case were not at all too severe. These men deliberately had dealings with the enemy against the interests and against the law of their country. They arranged to get goods from Germany and to pay for them. Their conduct was clear treachery to our soldiers and sailors and to their fellow-countrymen at large. Their technical offences were open to the law and they are deservedly punished.

According to Amsterdam and Rotterdam messages—made in Germany or in neutral countries for German ends and printed last week in London—not a swallow now remains in Germany, the "hungry Huns" having eaten them all. This story surpasses even the story purporting to come from Wales that Germans with wooden legs were called up for work in the trenches some months ago; for the swallow has not yet reached Algeria and Tunisia, and therefore cannot very well have been eaten in Germany. The neutrals are "pulling our legs" rather hard in London.

#### TO OUR READERS.

The restriction in the import of paper and the scarcity that will result may make it necessary for the SATURDAY REVIEW to curtail the surplus copies ordered by the trade to meet the casual demands.

We hope, therefore, that readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will assist in this economy of paper by giving their newsagent a definite order, or by forwarding a subscription direct to the office, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

Without this precaution some difficulty may be experienced in obtaining the REVIEW.



## LEADING ARTICLES.

## TWENTY-TWO.

THE House of Commons on Tuesday went at once to the heart of a very serious matter. Briefly, we are fighting an enemy who is politically organised in the best possible way for swift and vigorous war, and we are fighting him with institutions and arrangements which are admirably suited to the slow and discursive methods of peace. The Central Powers are one Power, and this one Power has a single mind. The Allied Powers are several Powers, and, not to look any farther afield, one of them has twenty-two minds. In this simple and immediate contrast lies the explanation of a great deal that has lately happened. Here undoubtedly is one of the reasons why Germany has been able to dig herself into Poland and Serbia. Like the Athenians, whom Demosthenes twitted with always conforming to the plans of their enemy, the single-minded Philip of Macedon, we are always black upon the chess-board. Germany acts: Great Britain re-acts. Much is being done to remedy the natural and inevitable weakness of an alliance between fighting States which are separated in space and temperament and institutions. But our own domestic problem remains virtually untouched. The ultimate direction of the war, so far as it concerns ourselves, still lies with a Grand Committee at Westminster. "Variegated language" in peace may be a political asset in a democratic Government. Variegated action in war is not an asset but a calamity. One slow, plodding, resolute, pretty able man—like Quintus Maximus, who saved Rome from the genius of Hannibal—is better in war than a throng of the ablest men, filled with the most brilliant ideas. It is our misfortune that we have in the Cabinet to-day no one who is dynamically great enough to dominate all the others, and reduce them to comparative nonentity. We have not even a man who is stupid enough—with the dogged, set stupidity which tires out all its opponents and gets its own way—to stand from the ranks of the fairly able men who make up the Twenty-Two. We have, in fact, the worst possible arrangement for directing a war—a crowd of clever men, full of excellent advice, none of whom is much likelier to get his way than any other one. The majority of the Twenty-two are upon an equality in character and intellect. If we were asked who in particular should be spared on merits from the present Coalition we should be rather embarrassed to decide between members of the first baker's dozen of those who have so successfully confused counsel during the last six months.

But this embarrassment is no argument against cutting down the Cabinet. It is, indeed, an argument the other way. It is an argument to cut and not to mind greatly how or whom we cut. In peace time it is naturally a matter for nice calculation as to whether X, with his political following in the country and his sound views on so-and-so, should be included or not in the Ministry. But in war time it matters not a straw, unless X should happen to be a man who can put his back to the door and coerce his colleagues. There is no such person to-day. Our only concern at this time is to cut people out of the Cabinet, not to find places for "elements of strength". The more "elements of strength" we cut away from the twenty-two the better the war is likely to be directed.

All this, of course, sounds very anti-democratic and unconstitutional. But every good constitution has left loopholes for the dictatorship necessary in war. We shall go back, all in good time, to Government by Grand Committee. Meantime our problem is to win the war, and we shall undoubtedly help on the Allies to that end if we can contrive somehow to set reasonable bounds to that craze for committees which was lately described in terms of pure hatred by Lord Robert Cecil in the House of Commons. There is unfortunately no sign of these bounds being reached as yet. New committees are appointed every week. Only this week a joint committee has been announced to control the air service and another committee to

look after paper-pulp. How far is this love of multitude going to take us? One imagines that even the most ardent believers in getting things done by committees of able men are willing to recognise a limit to the efficacy of their system. It has never been proposed, for example, that the navigation of a ship, or the driving of an express engine, should be entrusted to a committee of management holding deliberation upon the bridge or footplate. The inconvenience of any such arrangement is easily perceived. The ultimate decisions of a committee entrusted with such rapid and critical business as this might be quite admirably digested and have behind them the most expert authority; but, though they would doubtless be studied with respectful attention—at the inquest—we do not think there are many insurance companies who would insure a ship whose captain was a committee or many travellers who would choose to travel by a train the progress of which was controlled by a deliberative assembly. To think of one's life as depending with each passing moment upon a casting vote or upon a suggested amendment to an original decision might well spoil the nerve of the strongest.

Yet is not this position, absurd enough when put in so obvious and homely a fashion, precisely the position in which we stand more or less to-day in regard to the war? The life of this country quite literally depends with each passing moment upon casting votes, deliberations and amendments, brought to bear upon decisions not at all dissimilar from those which rule in our imaginary instances. In war rapidity and singleness of aim is worth more than any amount of expert discussion. Expertise is well enough—it is necessary—in the work of preparation, in all the details of finance, strategy, industry, diplomacy, which belong to the Departments. But when the bolt is forged and ready, it should obviously lie to the hand of one authority, single in mind and will, which really knows what precisely is to be done with it. It should not be handed over to a committee, because a committee will probably, in the end, use it, not to brain the enemy, but as a sort of mace to be put upon the table and lend an impressiveness to its deliberations.

The very word "deliberations" has an evil sound in war-time. Deliberations in peace are excellent. They are, indeed, if they really act up to their title, the very essence of a wise conservatism. They stand politically for the fable of the hare and the tortoise; but we have read somewhere a sequel to this fable, the moral of which is as valuable as that of the fable itself. The tortoise won the race because, the world being quiet and everything as usual, the hare overslept himself. But later on a fire broke out, and the animals desired a swift messenger to warn their brethren to save themselves. But their brethren were all burnt up in the conflagration. *For the animals sent the tortoise.* The political moral of this is that, though the democratic Tortoise may quite possibly be an excellent creature, and may even win the race, when its swifter and prouder rivals are not greatly encouraged to be vigilant and ready, yet there comes a time when this same Tortoise, with its house upon its back (Parliament, Cabinet of Twenty-Two, Committees of Advice, and what not), is less likely to "get there" than a thoroughly roused and authoritative Hare.

So, at least, says English history with a quite astonishing clearness and force. The first instance we can think of in our history of a war directed by Grand Committee was a war across the Channel conducted in the name of the sixth Henry by an extremely able committee of his uncles and guardians. The resulting confusion at home and abroad required nothing less than a Tudor Monarchy to put it right again. Then, is it altogether an accident that Cromwell, Protector of the Realm, was able to smite the Dutch out of time with his left hand; and that, a little later, just when our constitutional historians are getting hot upon the trail of something like Cabinet Government, the Dutch came into the Medway? At least it is an accident that persists—an accident which throws into rather striking contrast the record of com-



mittees like the Aberdeen Ministry or Grenville's Ministry of all the Talents with the record of Chatham's personal rule and the supreme control of Pitt. It is also an accident which rather pointedly recalls the practice of an old State—politically the most worldly wise and successful of any that has yet appeared. Rome employed with discrimination both the Tortoise and the Hare. Government by Committee was well enough till Hannibal or the Gaul was over the Alps. Then, wisely enough, the Committee retired—*ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*.

Here is a lesson for the Twenty-Two. It is immaterial to the nation—a matter for private arrangement among our leaders—as to who shall retire into sleeping partnership or as to who shall remain—one, two, three or four—in supreme charge of the war. But it is really important that somebody should go. Three minds, or even ten minds, are better than twenty-two minds in times like these. There is no getting away—with reasonable safety to the State—from this cardinal principle of resolute Government.

#### A GENERAL TARIFF v. PROHIBITION.

IT is common knowledge that the financial policy of the Government during the war has been unsound. We do not speak now of departmental extravagance; it has been discussed many times, and everybody knows that strict economy cannot go hand in hand with the rapid improvisation of vast armies well equipped for the field. Wonderful things have been done, all so necessary to the life of the Empire and to our Allies that their cost price in money is unimportant. Also, it is clear to-day that both public and private economy are going to be enforced with the utmost rigour. But when a financier looks beyond these matters, when he takes stock of the whole situation, he is troubled by the general outlook, and for three reasons.

1. For eighteen months the financial policy has yielded to currents of opinion which have had nothing to do with the war and its exigencies. In the pre-Coalition times the currents of opinion were in accord with the Manchester School, and there was much talk about the "established" fiscal policy of the nation. Not even the vastest war in all history was to modify the financial ideas and faiths which a century of peace had stereotyped. Anyone who criticised this attitude was insulted, and a common insult ran as follows: "All the business interests whose profits have been curtailed by the importation of better or cheaper foreign articles seem to regard the present perils of their country as a good opportunity for feathering their nests. They hide this game of grab under the cloak of patriotism." Then the Coalition Government added several other currents of opinion, and some quasi-protectionist half-measures made an attack on a few imported luxuries, including foreign motors and cinema films. No party was willing yet to admit that their pre-war ideas of finance had become obsolete and dangerous.

2. Soon afterwards a disturbing financial movement passed from our immediate requirements to the post-war times; that is, from the winning of the war to the commercial punishment of Germany after the war. Things remote and mysterious are usually more attractive than problems close at hand, and in this case none can say how long the war will last after the signing of peace, because its consequences may be as perilous as battles are, and for a much longer time. Besides, no financial policy can be good for the future unless it is governed now, and constantly, by the war's exigencies.

3. This fact is admitted by all reasonable persons, and yet efforts are being made to discover a compromise which will be comfortable to many Free Traders. The "Westminster Gazette" has found this compromise in prohibition, and the Government also is flirting with this unsound finance as an act of courtesy towards a few of its members.

It is supposed that prohibition is more soothing to morality than a general *ad valorem* tariff. If certain imports are superfluous in a time of war, why take money for letting them in? Also it is supposed that prohibition is a sort of magic which has immediate effect on the complexities of contract governing ships and their cargoes. To transfer shipping from one duty to another is a business requiring time, and it should be associated as often as possible with an increase of revenue. There is no fiscal principle at all in prohibition; it is nothing more than a guillotine, and its cutting work cannot be equitable like the revenue-producing taxation of a general tariff. It is given a trade here and a trade there, and it cuts them off from nourishment and life, as if trades did not run through the body social as nerves run through and govern the human body. Even if a trade is not killed by the guillotine of forbidden imports, prohibition grants the highest possible protection to home producers, and it may impose also the highest possible fine on buyers, for it checks healthy competition and favours ringed monopolies.

Yet this evil thing is for the moment praised by many persons. We are not alarmed, because we know that all the better sense of the nation gravitates rapidly towards a general tariff and its just taxation. But, since the Government has made a temporary compromise to placate those who find something good in prohibition, we must consider with care the academical arguments that support a wrong policy. It is said that attacks on certain trades by prohibiting imports will not be harmful because they will free men for the making of munitions. Yet work in munition factories to-day is not at all easy to get, because women do well nearly all the minor duties, and in the higher departments expert craftsmen are essential. Economists write much about freeing men for munition labour, but they do not set their own hands to the making of shells. They know in their own case that political economy is a complex of civilised life, which has to be considered in its relation to each family's inescapable obligations. There is often a high rent to be considered, for instance, and often a life insurance also. The State is not benefited by any munition worker who cannot pay his rent, nor fulfil other contracts that still bind him to more prosperous times. Such a man and his family accumulate debts; they are virtually pauperised, and therefore valueless as taxpayers. There are many such stricken families, mostly in the professional classes, and no true economist desires to add to their number by unthoughtful legislation.

The main point is that the British Isles should profit to the full by their favouring circumstances, so that they may help the Allied cause as much as possible. They have men enough for the Army and Navy, and labour enough to increase our present exports; and a general *ad valorem* tariff, by diminishing the demand for a great many things, would bring at least as much relief to the shipping muddle as can be got from the guillotine of prohibition. A rebate of 50 per cent. on the tariff would satisfy the British Dominions, and preferential terms should be given also to our Allies, who know from long experience the great value of reciprocal bargaining in matters of import dues.

But the starting point is a fiscal alliance between all the members of the British Empire. Here is the greatest of all pressing needs: and it should be an arrangement inspired by foresight, so that it may grow naturally into a lasting federation in the reciprocity of trade and finance. The war should unite and consolidate all aims and interests common to the Empire's permanent welfare. And there will be few hindrances to this great policy if we all keep in mind the fact that the evolution of international trade has carried us beyond the doctrine of free imports. It is unthinkable that German goods should ever again be admitted free into this country: and the war has brought home to the people the danger of permitting any important group of home industries to be dependent for some commodity upon countries outside the Empire.

Many members of the Cabinet, including the Prime

Minister, are friendly to the right fiscal policy, and those members who like the guillotine of prohibition will be driven away from their error. Pressure in the House and from public opinion will compel them to be reasonable. That our country should blockade herself after preventing the German Navy from prohibiting our imports is fantastic and foolish. Nothing less than a general *ad valorem* tariff, with Colonial Preference, can prepare the way for federated trade and finance within the Empire, while touching all classes with a taxation on imports which will lessen in an equitable manner the weekly volume of incoming trade, freeing ships for other purposes, and gathering revenue.

#### IRELAND AND THE WAR.

THE exemption of Ireland from compulsory service, resented as a disgrace by Irish Unionists, has laid upon those Irish Nationalists who believe, with Mr. Redmond, that it is their duty to throw all their energies into the common cause, the task of ensuring a steady supply of drafts for the Irish regiments, old and new. Lord Wimborne seems to be working on the right lines; and it remains to be seen how far the new recruiting campaign will achieve practical results. The one certain fact amid the conflicting statistics is that Mr. Birrell's figures are not to be trusted. But it seems to be clear that there are at the lowest computation at least 100,000 men of military age among the agricultural population of the island who could join the colours without seriously affecting the production of food. Probably, as Lieutenant O'Leary, V.C. has observed in public, a great many shop assistants also could enlist without detriment to anyone. It is significant that while some Irish journals, afraid to oppose the War, pretend that rural Ireland has already sent as many men as can possibly be spared, the Congested Districts Board has been attacked in the same quarters for suspending certain works on the ground that their cessation is causing local unemployment.

But before sweeping criticisms are passed on Irish unwillingness to do as much as England, Scotland or Wales, it is necessary to look somewhat closely at certain not quite obvious considerations, even at the risk of touching on controversial politics or indulging in what might seem to be recrimination. In war-time most of all it is really important to face facts, and hitherto almost everyone who has written or spoken on the Irish recruiting question has been trying to prove something before an audience unfamiliar with the premises of the argument.

Let us take two undeniable facts. Partisan passion was raging far more fiercely in Ireland in the summer of 1914 than in the summer of 1899. Yet Ireland as a whole has thrown herself far more vigorously into the cause of the Empire now than she did in the South African War. It may be said that this was an inevitable consequence of the difference between a life and death struggle and a distant campaign in which defeat could not entail invasion, or even serious impoverishment—though to say this would be to take a very erroneous view of the ultimate consequences of the loss of South Africa. But it has taken some time for England fully to realise the vital issues now at stake, and the average Irish peasant can hardly be expected to be more quick-witted than Sir John Simon or Mr. Philip Snowden. And during the only great national effort comparable with the present, the Napoleonic wars, two armed rebellions occurred in Ireland, while a mutiny in the Fleet was largely instigated by rebel Irishmen.

So much for precedents. In August 1914 the men in Ireland were as unpropitious as could well be imagined. The Ulster Covenanters were deeply suspicious of the British Government. The Nationalists were bitterly incensed with the British Army. If the gravity of the situation was over-estimated in Germany, it was not fully appreciated in England, except by men who could not persuade the House of Commons to look at patent facts. Yet at the critical moment Ireland—

where blood had just been shed in a fracas between the Dublin mob and a Scottish regiment—offered no real obstacle to the national purpose. For decades the maxim, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity", had been applauded and accepted by the majority of Irish voters. When the crash came, Ireland used the opportunity to justify, not to repudiate, her place in the Empire. Mr. Redmond's speech in Parliament at the beginning of the War did not in fact contain such definite assurances of active help as nine out of ten Englishmen believed. But he ranged himself and his party definitely on the side of the Empire, and he has passed on to work practically in the task of recruitment. It is only, perhaps, by perusal of extreme Irish-American papers that it can be fully understood how decisive a step the Nationalist Party took eighteen months ago.

The first call, of course, summoned from Ireland a somewhat larger proportion of men than from other parts of the United Kingdom. Old soldiers, still in the Army Reserve, returned to the colours, and the Special Reserve battalions—the old Militia—were embodied. The landed gentry and higher professional classes in Ireland, irrespective of religious creed, have always sent into the regular Army a far larger proportion of their sons than the corresponding classes in England, and when the new call came, to volunteer meant for the average well educated young Irishman not to embark on an unfamiliar adventure, but to join a Service in which he already had many near relatives.

But for the Irishmen whose kinsmen were not already officers the position was new and startling. There is a caste system in rural Ireland, despite all talk of democratic principles, which keeps farmers (even if the farm is some twenty acres) rigidly apart from labourers. And there is an intense desire, in the small towns, to secure for children a career which is considered "genteel", such as a position in the establishment of a local "merchant", or, in cruder language, a place as a shop-boy. Direct commissions in the Army were obviously far out of reach of the ordinary farmer's or small shopkeeper's sons. But in Ireland most markedly it has, during the last generation or two, been the compulsion of hunger, to use Lord Roberts's phrase, that has recruited the rank and file. It was very rare for a boy with any education to enlist. The social prejudice—which existed elsewhere, of course, and noticeably in the Scottish Lowlands—was reinforced in Ireland by the cumulative effect of decades of abuse of the British Army by local politicians. Political in its motive, the campaign of calumny had used supplementary weapons, and our soldiers were constantly denounced as vicious and immoral mercenaries. No leading Nationalist Member of Parliament had tried to check the systematic campaign of slander. The constituents were honestly bewildered when for the first time their political leaders told them that they should enlist. The caution or timidity shown by the late Government in refusing to extend the full Territorial scheme to Ireland and make volunteering lawful has had this among other results, that training in arms for the Defence of the Realm was unknown to Irishmen of those social classes which supplied the bulk of the old Volunteer and the newer Territorial battalions in England. Of the irregular and unauthorised "Volunteers" something will be said presently. The Nationalist farmer's son, then, had grown up to believe that the British Army was an institution in which the county families supplied officers to a rank and file drawn from the lowest classes; that any Nationalist who joined it was false to his political creed; that the undeniable achievements of Irish soldiers were not a legitimate source of pride to Ireland; and—politics apart—that he personally would lose caste once for all if he enlisted. How many Englishmen are aware of these facts?

Meanwhile the Ulster "Volunteers" had been formed, and had been countered by the "National Volunteers"—the latter, at the outset, somewhat of an embarrassment to the Irish Parliamentary Party. When Mr. Redmond recognised, and as the reward



secured control over, the "National Volunteers," an extreme wing broke away and took the name of the "Irish Volunteers." These last are in close touch with the Sinn Féin party, which, while disclaiming the label of being pro-German and professing that it is merely anti-English, has acted since the outbreak of war precisely as Germany might wish. The Ulster Volunteers are, of course, prepared to take the oath of allegiance, which the "Irish Volunteers" would as certainly refuse. It is difficult to say at this moment how far the "National Volunteers" would take the oath if required. But there are good grounds for thinking that, had the situation been handled promptly and tactfully, the bulk of the "National Volunteers" (whose literary organ supports the war, while confessing that the main object of their movement still is to secure Home Rule) could have been brought into the defensive forces of the Kingdom, and would then have supplied an excellent reservoir of recruits for the Army. The opportunity was lost: the keenest spirits did, as individuals, join the Army, but their fellows have shown a tendency to drift towards the Sinn Féin irregulars.

Some of the Nationalist Members have thrown themselves with the utmost vigour into the cause. Mr. Stephen Gwynn, an old contributor to this REVIEW, is serving as a private in France after doing his best to raise recruits in Ireland; and some of his Parliamentary colleagues hold commissions. A pamphlet\* which is having an effect in the United States, and should be better known at home, in which Mr. Hugh Law sets forth his convictions, puts clearly from an Irish Nationalist point of view the reasons for the *rapprochement* with the rest of the Empire. Mr. Law, whose only son is a subaltern in the Irish Guards, analyses concisely the events that led to the war and the nature of German political and military ideals. Knowing and admiring France, realising the history and aspirations of the Slavs, he argues that all Irishmen who claim to be Nationalists must range themselves with the Allies. He does not condescend to such reasoning as that adopted by Mr. Dillon, when he tried to encourage recruiting by the remark that, if all the Ulstermen went out and got practical training on the battlefield while Nationalists stayed at home, the opponents of Home Rule would be in a position of advantage after the war.

Unfortunately, the attitude of the Vatican has exercised a numbing effect. The only things that the average Roman Catholic Nationalist knew about foreign politics were that Republican France had persecuted the Church and that United Italy had destroyed the temporal power of the Pope. Russia meant nothing, Serbia was unknown. Austria-Hungary was vaguely known as the traditional Catholic power. Germany, as the ally of Austria against "Protestant" England, "atheist" France, and "heretical" Russia, does not appear to be regarded with dislike by some of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood. Belgium is pitied—with a tinge of contempt for having brought her woes on herself; but the established facts about German excesses in Belgium are deliberately disbelieved. After all, the things told about German outrages in Belgium are not so much worse than the lies circulated on the Continent and in Nationalist Ireland about the behaviour of British troops in South Africa. And thus we have such outbursts as the letter of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick in defence of the Irish labourers who were turned back from the emigrant ships at Liverpool.

That form of falsehood which is quaintly described as "optimism" has had its effect in Ireland. If Germany was already beaten, why were more recruits needed from Ireland, unless it was that the English might put them in the hottest places? The amazing want of judgment shown for a long time in refusing to give public acknowledgment, even after a militarily safe interval, to the record of individual regiments (other than Territorials) has had bad results. Even

now, how many realise what the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers did at Etreux, Festubert, and Rue du Bois—a story told from authentic reports in an excellent six-penny pamphlet by the widow of Colonel Rickard, who fell in action? The losses of the Irish regiments are published by Government in Ireland: the achievements are not. And—once more a piece of folly which has had its counterpart in some quarters in England—the pernicious notion of limited liability in war has been promulgated. If England has already sent out far more troops than her Allies could have counted upon, Ireland has supplied more than England expected. This line of argument can only be met effectually by the plain question put by Mr. Redmond: Are the Irish regiments to become Irish only in name because the drafts to keep them up to strength are not to be found in Ireland?

Sinn Féin, as has been explained in the "Nineteenth Century" by Canon Hannay—an old sympathiser with unorthodox Nationalism, who is now a chaplain in France—has become the refuge of the physical coward: it is the Irish stronghold of the conscientious objector. It might be sufficiently strong in numbers to embarrass the Irish Parliamentary Party if an election took place at which Irish soldiers could not vote. But Sinn Féin is as unwilling to raise an armed rebellion in Ireland as to face the Germans: it is guided by the motto of W. S. Gilbert's handits, "Heroism without Risk". And, whatever the faults of Irishmen, a political creed deliberately based on principles indistinguishable from physical cowardice has never yet been a success in Ireland.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 81) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

I.

THE signs are not wanting that the costly lessons of experience gained by a protracted war are being digested by both opponents. Germany, the teacher, is threatened by the very magnitude of the illustration in war teaching which she has afforded to her enemies. She almost finds herself somewhat overstrained by her self-imposed exertions. The hour of decline, however, is yet far distant. Fitful efforts made East and West show signs of a vitality which is yet unimpaired, but it is the very method of those efforts that betokens a change in the spirit of the set purpose of the foe. The perfect war machine of Germany which took the field in August 1914 with full confidence in a speedy triumph has not fulfilled the war design which was planned with such intent. She has not failed, but she has not succeeded, and therein lies her bitter disappointment. The conquering ambition of the German Empire has spread her armies over and beyond her Western and Eastern frontiers to lengths for which she had not calculated. It is the resultant attenuation of the forces at her disposal that are requisite to hold what she has won which promises to wreck her future chances of success. It is the terrible cost of success after success that now imperils her hopes of a triumph, for, while the end is still far distant, she recognises that with a waning man-power she may have ere long to face three-fold her numbers in the encounter which is to betoken the end of bitter strife. The lesson of the war has been the enormous ascendancy given to the defensive by the means which science has placed in the hands of such as choose or are condemned to use it. It was by the early recognition of this factor in war that Germany, abandoning for a time her great principle of the offensive, elected to stand strong in the positions which she had gained, and was able by a brilliant piece of organisation and stage management to rake up fresh formations and dispose of new armies. Profiting by both the political ineptitude and the strategic inertia of her opponents, she found herself strong enough to launch these forces across the Danube in a fresh undertaking in the Balkan Peninsula. That splendid brain structure, the

\* "Why is Ireland at War?" By Hugh A. Law, M.P. London and Dublin. Maunsell. 6d. net.



Great General Staff in Berlin, appears to have appraised the military situation that was offered across the river by a method of calculation which it has reduced to a fine art. The sections of the German Intelligence Department were asked to dovetail three probabilities into the problem of success. They had to gauge to a moment the duration of the power of resistance of Serbia; they had to compute the period required for the accumulation of adequate Allied forces at Salonika in order to be of any account as a factor for Serbia to rely upon; they had to reckon up the rate of armament production in Russia in such quantity as would justify our Ally in the resumption of her offensive. The perfection of this war-calculating machine is proved by the result.

It was a fine achievement which there is no gain-saying, this mastery of the Balkan peninsula as an entr'acte in the interval of the great play of war in two theatres. True, the chances of effective co-operation with Serbia by the F.I.R.E. powers could be ruled out. They had forfeited their opportunity months before by the hesitation in their councils. There was little secret whence these Allied forces were to be drawn. An accumulation of transports at Marseilles advertised to the world that the Western front was being filched for the purpose of finding troops for this venture overseas. The time required for the transit of enough troops for this enterprise to which the Allies committed themselves was what the German reckoned upon; nor were the continually obstructive tactics at the port of debarkation as exhibited by a neutral of doubtful friendship out of his design. To add to the difficulties of the Allied forces destined for this attempt to lend a hand to Serbia from Salonika, not a move could be undertaken that was unknown to the enemy. A strategy that contemplates an offensive from a base situated in a veritable hotbed of spies and with enemy officials sheltering under a neutral flag could hardly count upon the element of surprise as an ally in the operation in view. The Allies were perforce driven to surrender the initiative in the Balkans to their foe. Concentration of force, surprise, a free power for the offensive, all the elements that go for victory in war were on the side of the enemy. The German enjoys the reward due to a forethought that can organise and maintain large strategic reserves which can be thrown into the theatre of war as opportunity offers and wherever the glaring errors in the strategy of an enemy practically invite them.

When the principles which govern strategy are violated, the offender offers inducements for self-punishment. Germany subsequently being thoroughly cognisant of the power of the defensive, leaves to others in the Balkans the duty of containing the forces of her enemy in a situation of their own choosing and removes her strategic reserves to spheres where opportunities may again present an opening for their services. No better lessons can be adduced of the huge advantages in war of interior over exterior lines of operation than those afforded by the short, sharp and successful campaign which the Central Powers and their Bulgarian Ally have waged in the Western Balkan theatre. Co-ordination of effort is simplified when it can be dictated by geographical conditions. Conversely, exterior lines of operation become ulterior in their nature when long stretches of ocean intervene between armies and their objective. The story of the achievement would, however, be incomplete without allusion to the success of the diplomacy which allied to good strategy brought about so speedy a conclusion. Bribery and corruption have held sway in the East and Near East for many centuries. It is less than 40 years since Turkey was overlord in the whole region of the Balkans, and the balance between right and wrong has for generations been only a question of silver in the scales. It takes more than half a century to eradicate a custom which has become a second nature. We may be sure that much gold flowed into the coffers of the Bulgarian Czar and his advisers in helping them to make a decision. The lure of the promise of restora-

tion of the rich lands of Macedonia, which she had won with her arms in the Balkan War of 1912 and lost again to her former Ally Serbia in the following year, would be a bait which Bulgaria could hardly resist; but the pæans of German victory East and West shouted in her ears would decide a hesitating mind as to which side would be the conqueror in the great world contest. The wonderfully organised Press campaign which has been carried on by Germany, with its daily avalanche of fiction, exaggeration and falsehood, would tend to hasten this decision.

In a contest of political chicanery with Teuton brain power the diplomats of the Allied Powers had faint hopes of success. Possibilities in war are endless and unending. Who would have thought it conceivable that Bulgaria and Turkey, who but two years ago were fighting a life and death struggle, could have been drawn into the German net for the purpose of fighting side by side. It is the chance of repetition of similar possibilities that materially affects the problem of success in the Eastern theatre in the approaching new campaign.

## II.

The winter months have been no season of idleness for our Ally in the Eastern theatre. The unparalleled efforts of Russia to stem the tide of overwhelming armament with which she was deluged in the spring and summer of 1915 will live in history as a magnificent achievement. Russia, like her Allies, was caught napping in 1914 in the matter of munitions. The surprise to all was not so much the question of the number of rounds per gun to have ready to hand to meet the contingencies of a campaign as the proportion of guns per thousand men which in all armies was based upon what was supposed to be the German model. The secret of Germany was well kept. She took the field with a ratio of something like 10 guns per thousand men in the place of the 5 or 6 per thousand which she had acknowledged as her proportion. To complete the unexpected Germany brought into the two theatres of war cannon of extraordinary calibre and of great variety drawn by the motive power which science had evolved, and further strengthened her fire power by machine guns in their thousands in four-fold superiority to her opponents.

Russia and her Allies have reduced the inequality of gun power with the enemy by superhuman efforts in the spell of inaction afforded by the winter months. We no longer hear the distressful cry of inability to reply to the violent hammering that our own men had to endure in the long winter and spring of 1914-15, when their guns were restricted to firing four rounds per day in return for the blows of fifty times that number. Work in the forge and foundry, east as well as west, will ere long put matters more on level, if not on superior terms. The Eastern theatre has been costly in losses beyond measure to both sides. The stupendous casualties which the hammer blows of Hindenburg and Mackensen involved caused a wastage which even German administration could with difficulty anticipate. Efforts along the line from Riga on the north to Pinsk in the centre, and thence to Tarnopol on the south, began in September, 1915, to wane in strength, and then to reach a stage of unstable equilibrium. At the beginning of that month it is true that the armies of the Central Powers were still advancing practically along the whole front in the three directions of Petrograd, Moscow and Kiev, but ere the succeeding month had dawned the signs were forthcoming that the great Russian retreat of 18 weeks' duration had finished its course. The battle line had again been re-established. It is significant that in this great retrograde our Ally never quite let go of his hold upon Eastern Galicia. Ivanoff has held the line of the river Sereth with superb tenacity. Our Ally now, with full limbers and pouches and much strengthened in numbers, has commenced the offensive to some purpose in this southern sector of his line. The efforts of the enemy to outflank the Russian front in the region of the Bukovina are not without both military and political significance. Tales

of successes magnified into triumphs have already played a part in the minds of hesitating neutrals, and our Ally will realise what an immense stake is at issue in this southern sphere of operations. A great battle in the Bukovina may decide the issue of the campaign of 1916 in both the Eastern theatre and in the neighbouring Balkan peninsula. Germany has succeeded there in one side venture—one for recruiting her resources both for men and for material and for food supply and prestige. The Allies, as above explained, could deny her no element of success. We must hope for a better design in Allied strategy and political acumen, which will save a repetition of untoward failure in this Eastern theatre. The situation offers some splendid openings and for much more of the unexpected, even in this war of great surprises. Victory rests above all in taking to heart and profiting by the lessons of co-ordination in diplomacy and strategy which hitherto has been the groundwork of the triumphs of the Teuton.

## III.

## THE AIR SERVICE.

The story of the tangle in system, or rather want of system, which prevails in our dealings with the palpable and distinctly humiliating danger which threatens us in the new element where war is waged is one which it has been foreseen for many years would be exposed when once the fiend of war was let loose. That all our military preparations, with their successes or failures, have been subordinated to politics is common knowledge. The application of the science of aeronautics to war has crept in by a back door. What was pre-eminently the pastime of a landsman in peace has suggested to the soldier certain advantages which would accrue both for offensive and defensive purposes if he were afforded the opportunity of handling air machines which could be worked with safety as occasion demanded. To embark on a school of instruction in the art of flying for naval and military requirements and a manufactory for studying and perfecting the new invention meant money. The British taxpayer, ever keen to dispute items in Army Estimates in a time of peace, was less contentious when the bill for naval construction was submitted. It is probably for this reason that the Service for air purposes became the province for two schools in place of one, and that a divided authority in the control of Air Service was the result. We now, that we find ourselves helpless victims of a long foretold danger, reap the fruits of chaos in divided duties, and, in the absence of martial law in the country for defensive purposes, we further find in war time that a third authority contributes to the serious confusion of control.

Unity of purpose and method in dealing with this new source of danger will alone secure us immunity from air raids. There is but little force in the argument for a special Minister for the purpose. We are already overburdened with Ministers, many of them pulling in diverse directions. It is a matter that can be dealt with by any man gifted with the two attributes of war sense and common sense: a man not easily discovered, but who should have some knowledge of departmental work, with a power of command and of organisation, and with a past career that has begotten in his superiors and among his countrymen an entire confidence. It has been my endeavour in submitting these articles to avoid personalities, but among the number of celebrities who have come into public view as suggested controllers of such Air Service as may be projected one name has surely been overlooked—not a minister, not a politician, but a soldier-statesman. I cannot imagine any individual better qualified for the duty than Lord Sydenham, and we should be fortunate, indeed, if he could be persuaded to accept the responsibility. He is, moreover, no stranger to the study of the defensive organisation of the country.

## NEUTRALS ABROAD: AND HEATHEN AT HOME.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THERE are hundreds of committees and joint committees in this country to-day that are little or no use in the world, save to dawdlers and triflers; they do not help on with the war, and their litter of leaflets, reports and the like only put much needless work on the postal officials. But here and there is an exception. Such an exception is the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organisations, which is run with great power and fervour by Mr. H. C. Cust, who once made the "Pall Mall Gazette" the wittiest and liveliest paper London has ever misunderstood. This committee is going to be one of the most essential—if not the most essential—of all movements of the kind that have sprung out of the war; and, as the number of sly creatures increases who are really out for "a muddled draw" with Germany, not a smashing victory, so will the value of Mr. Cust's Committee increase. Many of the sly ones, the half-fighters, the pacific-militarists, the sham Socialists, and so on, are gathering in the half-shade to-day; and when there is a distinct turn in the Allies' favour, and a promise of splendid success, they will come out into the open and try to hurry the war to an inconclusive end. It rests largely with the Central Committee to defeat these machinations of the enemy at home. But this can only be done if the public helps wholeheartedly. The Central Committee must be supported: it must be supported, moreover, with plenty of money for its great work of education. The public must pay, pay, pay to it—and the public could not pay to a straighter, saner cause. The Central Committee is now publishing its report; and in it one notes some nobly-worded statements of the truth. For example: "The year that lies before us is more crowded by far with work, with sacrifice, with peril, than the time that lies behind. . . . It is idle to pretend ourselves for ever free and safe from what Belgium, France, Russia, and Serbia have already suffered. Of work, at home and elsewhere, for the unity of the Allies, for the welding of the Empire, for the maintenance of high and cheerful courage, and for the alert pursuit and defeat of treachery, disloyalty, and corruption—of work for all these things there is now more to be done than there was a year ago". Since its start this patriotic Committee has distributed throughout the Neutral World upwards of a quarter of a million books and other carefully-chosen publications, which help to make perfectly clear the cause of the Allies. The Far East to-day is honeycombed by evil German agencies; and it has rested largely with the Central Committee to defeat this influence by various publications. The work, even so far afield as that, is by no means useless—indeed, it is most important that the cause of the Allies in Europe should bear a good reputation in that distant part of the world. But everywhere the Central Committee has been working in the same manner for the Allied cause. We all ought to be interested in the Committee and its invaluable work for the nation.

But at least equally with the Neutral abroad we have the heathen at home to attend to; and the time is fast coming when, even at the risk of disturbing what well-meaning euphemists call "The National Unity", it will be necessary to get to grips with these people. By heathen I mean the various groups, some of them with powerful newspapers, whose faith in the cause of the Allies is so cold that they are always eager to condemn a proposal to carry the war into the camp of the Germans. The least dangerous—though the most abused and unpopular—of them is known as the Stop-the-War group. It is openly against the war, and does not pretend to believe in the purity or justice of the Allied cause. Therefore—and because it is a small and well-marked group—we may regard it as about the least perilous. Its meetings are broken up,



and it has no powerful organ of opinion on its side. It is to be watched, of course, but we need not concentrate too much against its few notorious cranks, otherwise we shall overlook far more dangerous groups ready to act with it at the first opportunity. Nor should we give much attention to the small band of Quakers and conscientious objectors, who no doubt are genuine believers in the doctrine that to shed blood, no matter what the cause or the national necessity, is unjustifiable; for here again is no considerable body in numbers or influence. But a far more dangerous group consists of the very active and large section which opposes tooth and nail a more vigorous offensive against the enemy, a concentration of all our forces at home against him. In this group are the men, for instance, who many months ago were preaching shrilly against any further considerable increase in the number of soldiers, who announced in prints largely circulated that Great Britain had already "four million" men under arms, though Great Britain, as the Prime Minister showed not many weeks ago, had then only budgetted for three million. This, too, is the group which, for more than a year, kept up a furious, screaming vendetta against compulsory military service; and which opposed the Military Service Bill almost till the moment it became an Act. This is the same malign group which—at length turned and routed over compulsory service for unmarried men—is reforming into a band which is resolved, come what may, to contest to the bitter end any further steps that may be necessary towards regularising the almost intolerable status of the other wing of men of serviceable age. This is the group which, eager for any excuse or good cry with which to kill National Service and starve the men in the trenches of support, urged the claims of "Trade" against the claims of the Army; and which artfully clamoured a few weeks ago that, if we favourably answered Lord Kitchener's, Mr. Henderson's, and the Prime Minister's call for more men, we should have to stint our Allies in Europe of money.

It is the same malign group which scoffs at the idea that the enemy is getting overseas any considerable amount of food or of raw material out of which ammunition is made for slaughtering British soldiers in the trenches. It is the same group which rages against any proposal or criticism that seems aimed at altering the pre-war colour and composition of the Executive. It is the same group which already is ardently debating what great "democratic" reforms it will effect when some peace or other has been fuddled into. How it will "conscript wealth" (or what remains of wealth); scrap the old Universities—after most of their scholars and commoners have been nicely "worked off", as Dennis the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge" would have put it—and plant the land with State-controlled tenants when doubled death duties have gobbled up the few heirs that return from France and the East. Allied again, however shyly, with this group of heathen is another group which wishes to fight the German in very much the same argumentative fashion it was accustomed before the war to fight the political opponent at home; to debate him and to cartoon him away, rather than to bayonet him: to take no step at home which will give away a point in the pleasant old party game which it fondly hopes may be played again so soon as this bothering war is over. It is the group which shudders at the word "reprisal"; which views a Neutral much as it would view a doubtful voter who may be shepherded into the right lobby; and which desiderates an ideal laying down of all arms presently, and some general move towards a cosmopolite policing of the nations in the interests of "democratic" reform.

These are the really dangerous heathen at home; for they work in an insidious way, and always work towards paralysing the offensive of our soldiers and our sailors. There is only one way to deal with them. They ought to be struck at relentlessly. The danger of this course is a bogey danger to-day. It will not imperil true national unity to attack and rout these people and their newspapers; for the thing has already

been tried by the bold move over the Military Service Bill and found completely successful. They were subjected to a frontal attack, and they were routed. Yet the national unity was not hurt for a moment. The time has passed for any apprehensions in the matter. To-day the Army is much too strong for them, and it is rapidly growing far stronger. The bulk of politicians are on the Army's side to-day, and the vast bulk of the nation is heart and mind with the Army, too. The time is coming for a general move against these pestilent groups and cliques of half-fighters, sham Socialists, no-conscriptionists, and trench-starvers.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### A DREAM OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY SIR J. G. FRAZER.

LAST night I slept and dreamed a dream. I thought I was once more in Cambridge, and in my old rooms looking out on the Great Court of Trinity. It was evening and the window was open. Across the court I saw again, as I had seen so often, the lighted windows of the hall, and above the roof of the Master's lodge the evening star like a silver lamp hung low in the western sky. In the chapel close at hand the organ was playing and the choir was singing. They sang:—

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide!  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!"

When their voices ceased and the deep rolling notes of the organ had died away into silence, I heard a footfall on the stair. It drew near, a tap followed, the door opened, and the figure of a dear friend entered. He has long been in his grave, but last night I saw him again as in life. He said: "I am tired. Will you walk with me a little in the court? Perhaps I shall sleep the better for it." I put out my lamp and we descended the stairs together.

When we issued on the court the moon had risen. How pale and ghostly the roofs looked in her silvery light, how bleached and wan the flowers in their bed about the fountain, where the falling water plashed with a murmurous sound as soft as sleep! We passed the windows of the hall, now dark, silent, and deserted, and, ascending the steps, traversed the screens and emerged on the terrace overlooking Neville's Court. Around us lay the cloisters, on the one side shrouded in deep darkness, on the other side flooded with the broad moonbeams, only the shadows of the pillars showing like black bars on the pavement. We paced them for a time in sweet discourse, as of old, on friends and books, on Nature's loveliness, on the glories of the antique world, on the vision, the beatific vision, of a Golden Age to come. Then, quitting the cloisters, we passed under the archway and entered the long avenue of limes, where the interlacing branches cast a checker-work of shadow on the moonlit path. We paused on the bridge over the river. How sweet the moonlight slept upon the water and silvered all the foliage of the trees, that drooped their pendent boughs into the placid stream, while the white bridges, like sheeted ghosts, receded line beyond line into the distance—a scene of enchantment or fairyland forlorn!

And now, with the inconstancy of dreams, the season and the landscape suddenly changed. It was a sunshiny afternoon in May. The college gardens through which we passed were gay with the pink and



white blossom of the chestnuts, with the purple and gold of the lilac and laburnum. Beyond them we entered the fields and followed the footpath beside the long hedgerow under the dappled shade of the tall elms. The hedges were white with the hawthorn bloom, and the air was heavy with its fragrance. Yet farther on we crossed the meadows starred with buttercups and daisies, and passed through the churchyard of the little old Coton church, with its grey tower rising among the trees and its moss-grown headstones sleeping among the grass. Thence by the familiar footpath we ascended the slope of Madingley Hill. Insensibly as we advanced the season seemed to change, for now the snow-white blossom of the hawthorn in the hedges had turned to red roses, and now in the fields around us the yellow corn, spangled with scarlet poppies, stood ripe for the sickle; and yet again the woods that fringed the crest of the hill showed here and there the russet hues of autumn. On gaining the summit we stood once more, as we had stood so often, near the ruined windmill (few now remember it!), to survey the landscape, the far-spreading peaceful landscape, before bending our steps homeward. To the right the spire of Coton church just peeped over the shoulder of the hill, like a finger pointing steadfastly from the transient tumults and sorrows of earth to the eternal peace and joy of heaven. At our feet the high road ran down the slope, and then, girt with trees, flowed away like a wave in green undulations to the distant woods, above which appeared the spires and pinnacles of Cambridge. Beyond them we could discern the low blue line of the Gog Magog hills with the white scar of the high road climbing their steep side, while away to the north the towers of Ely Cathedral loomed like specks on the far horizon, faint and dim as dreams.

After contemplating the scene for a time in silence we turned to descend the hill. Before we did so I said to my companion: "Last night I dreamed an ill dream". "What was it?" he asked. "I dreamed", I said, "that you were dead, and that I had left Cambridge for ever". "But it was only a dream", he answered, smiling, "for here I am, and yonder, among the woods, is Cambridge. We shall soon be there together." As he spoke he suddenly vanished. I looked about me, but the landscape on which but a moment before I had gazed with rapture was gone, and I heard a voice like the sighing of the wind which cried: "For ever! for ever!" I woke with a start. The grey light of a London morning was stealing through the curtains, and still, half sleeping, half waking, I heard a voice dying away in the distance, which cried: "For ever! for ever!"

#### THE COMITÉ DE SALUT PUBLIC.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

**D**URING the past two or three months, but especially during the last two or three weeks, the French Press has made more and more frequent allusions to the establishment of a new organism consisting of a delegation from either chamber, and provided with power enough to replace sometimes the Parliament and sometimes the Government. This highly responsible and highly authoritative body would be an almost perfect imitation of the Comité de Salut Public of 1793, and in fact the name has been so repeatedly used that we are already familiar with it. Names mean little, facts are what really matter, and instead of indulging in facile and unfavourable comparisons between Robespierre and M. Clemenceau, it will be useful to make clear by a brief retrospect the transformations in

public opinion which have led to the stage to which we now advert. One may say that the reaction against authority lasted roughly from the fall of the Second Empire and its successor the Assemblée Nationale till 1905 and the Tangier shock. From that date the dread of a declaration of war joined to that of a possible revolution revealed by the two great strikes of 1909 and 1910, along with the anxiety resulting from the rapid increase of the public debt, produced their natural effects, and not only the country but even the long reckless Chamber began to feel the need of somebody equal to difficult situations: the word authority, misused for years as a synonym for tyranny, gradually resumed its natural meaning as a synonym for capacity. On several occasions we saw the Chamber surrender its initiative to Prime Ministers: first, M. Rouvier, then M. Clemenceau, later M. Briand and M. Poincaré.

In August 1914 power was in the hands of M. Viviani with M. Messimy as Minister of War. Both were Socialists, and supposed to be endowed with that flexibility of intelligence, but unfortunately also with that flexibility of will which are characteristic of French Socialism. However, it was hoped that the seriousness of the situation, and above all the undefined but, as one thought, the irresistible stiffening which must come from the Allies' statesmanship, would make up for what was lacking in the Paris Cabinet. The events of August 1914, mysterious as they still are, proved that this hope was unfounded: the Government bore the appearance of defeat far less bravely than either the army or the country, and a few days after the battle of Charleroi a Government of National Defence had to be hastily substituted; Bordeaux became the official capital of France, and what was supposed to be the desperate stage of the contest was entered upon. There was a feeling that neither the place where the Government was, nor its composition, nor the methods it might resort to, were of any consequence so long as the country was saved. The mistrust against words, professions and empty debates of all sorts was so deep that it had gained even the Chambers and the Press, their stronghold, and it cannot be seriously gainsaid that the Deputies accepted the virtual prorogation of Parliament till an indefinite date without any more reluctance than the journalists agreed to a partial suspension of their professional liberty.

A week later the battle of the Marne produced that relief which we never can forget, and it seemed as if implicit confidence in the new Government had been one of the elements of victory quite as much as confidence in the military command. In fact, we still live to-day in the atmosphere which was created in those memorable circumstances—viz., the belief that it would be a sacrilegious folly to throw any doubts on the patriotism, devotion to their task, and even capacity, of either the Government or the Head Staff, and that after a period of reorganisation, decisive success must reward such a trusting attitude.

But this optimistic background, which is that not only of the man in the street, but of nineteen in twenty educated men, has gradually ceased to be that of the professional politician. We have had disappointments: there were scandals in the Service of Munitions and the Sanitary Services; on various occasions the Censor seemed not only unduly severe, but unintelligent; and the diplomatic defeat in the Balkans was a hard blow. Now, if the average Frenchman is inclined to put down such annoyances to the fundamental wrongness of things, and to hope that a mistake is good schooling for an intelligent man; it is not so with the politician, whether in Parliament or in the Press. Beside protests which seemed prompted by pure patriotism, like those of M. Charles Humbert in the matter of munitions, there were others the tone of which could deceive no experienced ear, and which were sure to be accompanied by the intriguing of yore. M. Clemenceau detests the Germans, but he also hates M. Poincaré and all his friends; the fall of the Viviani Cabinet was the result of the combination of these two hatreds.

The advent of M. Briand with such a man as General Gallieni as War Minister was welcomed by a well-nigh universal return of confidence. But the old habits had been resumed, and were made worse by the steady weakening of the censorship; our people had become used to the notion that the enemy is within sight of the Eiffel Tower, and the inclination to oppose the Government merely because it is the business of an opposition to do so gradually recovered all its strength. At the present moment there is a powerful party against M. Briand, and what are its grounds for complaint? Surely a specialist or two finds fault with the Secretary for Aviation with considerable appearances of truth in what they say, but M. Clemenceau openly and undisguisedly finds fault with no less a person than Joffre for such offences as the failures of our attacks at Carençy and in Champagne, and for having tolerated the presence of the enemy on our soil during a scandalously long period.

The possibility for a man of M. Clemenceau's standing to indulge in such a campaign at the present moment shows to what a degree the political atmosphere has once more become vitiated, and the same bad influences are discernible in the Press. We begin to hear nervous cries after a Rescuer. With some journalists the Rescuer must be a great man, the unknown Bonaparte who is at present in command of a company while he ought to be at the head of four million soldiers. In the opinion of M. Clemenceau and of M. Renaudel—the Socialist leader since the death of Jaurès—it ought to be the Comité de Salut Public with its rapidity of decision and its independence, and the papers are full of the pros and cons.

This, then, is the situation to which we have come less than a year and a half after the time when it seemed essential that the Government, let alone the Constitution, should be regarded as sacred until victory was ours. Are we to conclude that the political situation of France once more is parlous, and that there are motives for anxiety? I hope my answer will not seem flippant. In fact, I want to prefix it with a clear statement that M. Clemenceau ought to be, not locked up, but perseveringly censored, a very effective method with him; but, this being said, I am at liberty to express my belief that all this talk about a Bonaparte who will not be found and about a Comité which will not be founded is of exactly the nature of the grave debates about nothing which fill the newspapers in the hot months of usual humdrum years. Not a soul outside a few hundred deputies and a few dozen journalists is more than vaguely aware of it; Joffre, Gallieni, and Castelnau are our Bonapartes, quite young enough to fight Hindenburg; and no sensible person is surprised to see the Royalist Press defend M. Briand and M. Poincaré. It is true that the tares of politics have grown up once more in our field, but it is true above all that France is more indifferent than ever to politicians.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### RAEMAEKERS'S CARTOONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

44, Hyde Park Square, W.

SIR,—I quite agree with what your correspondent, Miss (or Mrs.) Bellin, writes about M. Raemaekers's work, and I am pleased to remember that I was one of the first to call attention in the "Westminster Gazette" to the artistic merit and educational value of his "terrible and pitiless realism". As, however, I anticipated, his reception in Paris has thrown into disagreeable relief his cold and negligent treatment in this country. He has received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the French Government has decided to purchase and place in the Louvre the set of reproductions of his cartoons. It is, as your correspondent says, "to be regretted that this unique collection of drawings should be dispersed and bought by private individuals". I am one of those individuals, having bought the original cartoon of Nurse

Cavell's body lying outside the Kaiser's tent, whilst the War Lord says to his aide-de-camp, with a grin, "Now you can bring in the American Note". I am willing to present my cartoon to the Trustees of the National Gallery, or to the South Kensington Museum, provided the other purchasers of the cartoons will do the same. The set ought to form a national "*κτῆμα ἐς δαΐ*." It is a commonplace that the painter is a more effective teacher than the poet or the historian. Rafael and Murillo have done more for the Church of Rome than Ranke: and for one person that has read Dante's *Inferno* (even in a translation) there are hundreds that have seen and remember the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

### A DRESDEN EPISODE AND THE MORAL OF IT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A few years ago—to be exact, in October 1910—I was staying in Dresden. Dining out one night I sat next to a General in the German Army who belonged to the King of Saxony's household. We had scarcely finished soup before he turned to me and said, in excellent English: "What do people in England think of this fellow Blatchford (for all his articles on the probability of war were appearing at that time)? Surely no one in England believes the 'Daily Mail', do they? Do you?"

I answered that personally I liked reading the "Daily Mail", and that in this instance I was sure they were right, for I thought war was very probable indeed, and I thought that the "Daily Mail" was doing a very patriotic work for England in trying to wake up the people to the fact that Germany was a danger, and would have to be reckoned with sooner or later.

"What", he said, "you surely don't think there will ever be a war between our countries? No, no; we love your beautiful England".

"I daresay you do", I answered, "inasmuch as you would very much like to possess her".

This seemed to amuse him.

"So you do believe we want war—but why?" he said. "We don't want war, we want peace".

I answered that I didn't believe they did want peace; that if I were a German I should want war, because it would annoy me so much to see England leading the world and possessing the plums of the earth, and to see Germany with her teeming population, her enormous wealth, and her deep and hardworking thinkers coming only second in the world's race.

"What is the good of your army", I continued, "which an officer told me a few days ago could put 8,000,000 men in the field; and what does your naval programme mean if you are so much in love with peace? If I were you I should long to fight England. Now tell me what you really think?"

There was a longish pause; then, bending forward, he looked straight into my face, his steady, small blue eyes half hidden by fierce white eyebrows. In a dreamy sort of voice he said, "England is now at 3 o'clock—when the sun shines brightest. You are quite right, and we shall have war, but we must wait till England is weak enough and Germany is strong enough—then we will fight; but Belgium and Holland, what" (and he made a back and forward movement with his hand, as much as to say they must be obliterated).

"You see", he went on, "we must have a naval base near England. We are very much handicapped by having so little seaboard, and Kiel is a long way from the shores of England"; and he smiled, for I suppose this remark must have sounded very humorous to a Teuton mind. His last words were, "Aufwiedersehen stolze kleine Engländerin". But I never did see him again.

That is the end of the episode, but I would like to moralise, for one little minute, if I may! I know



Germany fairly well, and I also realise very fully that, owing to circumstances not controlled by them, the British people (with a capital P) do not know Germany at all.

I so much wish that the English newspapers had from the beginning of the war taken up a different line, instead of drumming into our ears that Germany was done for—starved, financially ruined; that she had failed all along the line; that none of her great men were really and truly great men; that she had never really done anything to advance science, medicine, literature or art; that her music wasn't what all the world had bowed before and loved up till August 1 1914, but had suddenly become second rate; and that her philosophy was grotesque, immoral and godless (what about French philosophy?).

Surely the conquering of such a wretched nation would not bring much glory to England's crown. Perhaps this was meant to be patriotic, but I think it is a very weak and negative patriotism. Would it not have been much braver and truer and better to have said at the beginning of the war: "We are fighting the Germans. They are a hardworking, efficient, and in many ways a great people. They have brought system to a pitch of perfection undreamt of in this or in any other country?"

All their men do or can bear arms, and for generations their women have worked on the land, so are prepared to take the men's place at the harvest.

Officialdom reigns supreme, and the people, knowing nothing else, do not mind it.

Therefore we shall want all our wit, our grit, our love of England and our will to victory to beat the Germans; for they are indeed a force to be reckoned with and not to be mocked at.

I think we are all so frightened of being thought ill-bred or of offending against "good taste" that none of us dare love or hate very much or even say what we really think.

Love and hate are two of the moving powers of the world.

If we are too indifferent or too well-bred to do either, what is to become of us? We all know what has been said about the lukewarm—their is indeed a heartrending fate.

Just at present we cannot love the Germans; so then let us hate them. Hate them—not as they hate us, but with a righteous, an uplifting hate, a hate which is born of anger when one sins, not a hate which loves "the clash of the sword and the smell of blood". A jolly good old decent English hate, which will make us work harder and despise the Germans less. This feeling must be burning and living throughout our islands before this war can be brought to a successful and a satisfactory end.

Let us read our wonderful history, and then we shall not be tempted to let slimy, cold, well-bred indifference kill our national pride and our love for England.

Yours, etc.,  
NORAH BENTINCK.

#### THE QUALITIES OF KULTUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,  
February 1916.

SIR,—La Rochefoucauld, in his "Les pensées, maximes et réflexions morales", 1665, wrote as follows: "On trouve des moyens pour guérir de la folie, mais on n'en trouve point pour redresser un esprit de travers". It is hopeless to argue with anyone of our nation who still possesses pro-German and pro-Kaiser susceptibilities, and goes so far as to insult personally those who are not so mentally afflicted. Mr. Bernard Holland charges me with being blinded with passion and ignorant of history because I assert that the Kaiser is the most ruthless, bloodthirsty monster that ever disgraced civilisation; that his Huns are the incarnation of all that is brutish, bestial, and cruel;

and that never since the world began have there been such bloody atrocities committed by an army as those perpetrated by the German soldiers and sailors.

In the first place, the description of the Kaiser is absolutely accurate. He himself designed and prepared for this colossal war, and he personally ordered it to be carried on with ruthless and unprecedented ferocity. He, with Tirpitz and Ballin, planned and ordered the "Lusitania" crime. Can words be found black enough to describe such a being?

To show the justness of my description of the Huns and their doings, I refer Mr. Bernard Holland to the report of Lord Bryce's Commission of enquiry on the atrocities of the German troops in Belgium and give the following instance: Nine German soldiers seized a young Belgian farmer and his wife, who was enceinte; they bound the husband and ravished his wife one after another before his eyes; they then cut the woman open, tore out the child and threw it on a fire which happened to be at hand, they then killed the husband, cut off his head, and to gratify their ghoulis sense of humour put the head inside the woman where the child had lain. This is only one of numerous equally foul and bestial atrocities that are recorded, which have never been equalled in the world's history. Again let me refer to our crucified Canadians; will Mr. Holland, in his great knowledge of history, inform us if, with the exception of the Chinese soldiers at Port Arthur, who crucified some Japanese, such unspeakable barbarities have ever been committed by an army in warfare, either modern or ancient? It is passing strange that an Englishman can be found to whitewash the crimes of such hellish fiends, or the monster in chief, who has commanded his soldiers to gain a reputation like that of Attila and the Huns, whose bloody example they have far exceeded.

Your obedient servant,  
ALFRED E. TURNER.

#### THE "SATURDAY REVIEW".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 February 1916.

SIR,—As an old reader of many years' standing of the SATURDAY REVIEW may I be allowed to say that I have seldom read a more admirable number of your great paper than that of yesterday's date. I am especially grateful to you for the leaders on "Reprisals" and "The American Point of View"; your middle article by a Sergeant in Kitchener's is delicious; Mr. Shanks's letter charming, and your Pernambuco friend's tribute thoroughly deserved.

H. K.

#### THE LAND SETTLEMENT SCHEME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft, near Leeds,

14 February 1916.

SIR,—You very truly say, in reference to the above, "there is no need whatever for hurry; this business must be soundly thought out". Nothing would be more unfair than to take advantage of the war crisis and the party truce to expropriate landowners and oust tenants in order to plant retired soldiers on the land. The scheme is bound to be costly to the taxpayer, but what one has to fear most is injustice to those, whether owners or occupiers, who are to be turned off. Unfortunately this is a political scheme, and in a democratic age the great object of politicians, always and everywhere, is to gain votes.

Yours faithfully,  
C. F. RYDER.

#### RESTRICTIONS ON FRUIT IMPORTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hammerfield, Penshurst, Kent,

14 February 1916.

SIR,—I have to-day submitted to each member of the Cabinet, as I now venture to submit to the public, the fol-



lowing Resolution recently adopted by the Central Executive of the Vegetarian Federal Union, who represent the various vegetarian societies of the United Kingdom.

*Resolved:* That any restrictions of the present importation of fresh and dried fruit—e.g., grapes, apples, oranges, lemons, bananas, tomatoes, figs, dates, prunes, pippins, raisins, currants, etc.—into the United Kingdom to be strongly deprecated as tending to cause the lack of essential necessities of healthy life: as food, the veritable nectar and ambrosia of the people; as physic, better than all the pills and potions of pharmacopœia; and in either case of supreme value for the well-being of the community at large. Further, that any attempt to keep fruit out of the country in the name of food economy, falsely so called, will be foredoomed to failure and will be resented and resisted by the common sense of the whole country, but especially by the poor, whose children's interests are most intimately and immediately concerned. Any patriot wishing to associate himself with the above protest or desiring further information in regard to the perfect way of diet is invited to communicate with the Hon. Sec., Vegetarian Federal Union, or the Sec. of the London Vegetarian Association—Offices, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.—by whom full particulars will be sent free of charge, subject to enclosure of an address and a penny stamp.

I hope that you will be able to find room in your widely-read columns for the publication of this Resolution, which touches so nearly even the most carnivorous of your influential readers.

Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD F. HILLS,  
President, Vegetarian Federal Union.

#### JOINING THE COLOURS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 January.

SIR,—Lately I noticed in the telegraphic intelligence of a morning paper a passage which forcibly and quaintly illustrates the extraordinary zeal, patriotism, and resourcefulness which animate the peoples of our oversea dominions in their determination to carry the war through to a successful issue, qualities that our Labourite standbacks and slackers of the manufacturing districts would do well to ponder at the present critical stage in British history. It ran thus:

"Mr. Black, the Governor of the Yukon Territory, has resigned his office to take a commission as captain and organise an oversea contingent from Yukon. The company which he will command will be concentrated at Dawson, and march 400 miles overland to Vancouver.

"Mr. White, the Minister of Finance, is in consultation with the leading bankers to determine to what degree the Canadian Government can provide capital for the purchase of munitions for the War Office."

Could there be a better exemplification of the truth of the French proverb—"Les extrémités se touchent"?

I am, Sir, etc.,

N. W. H.

#### HOW WE Coddled GERMAN CLERKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 February 1916.

SIR,—With reference to General Sir Alfred Turner's letter, "How to Shorten the War", in your issue of the 29th ult., perhaps I may be allowed to draw attention to one aspect of German trade competition with which this nation has had to contend in recent years which does not appear to have received the consideration which its importance demands. I refer to the practice of German manufacturers sending their sons to this country "in order to learn business"; in other words, to make themselves acquainted with the methods employed by us in our dealings with foreign customers, which, of course, include prices of goods, their manufacture, names and addresses of customers, etc., with the object of returning to Germany, after a few years' stay,

with the fullest information obtainable to be used in trade competition with ourselves.

These aliens are admitted as "volunteers", without salary, to established German and other business houses in this country, and the only benefit they are to the community is that they are supplied with funds from home which enable them to live here without salaries and to support the lodging-house keepers who depend upon alien immigration.

The harm, however, which this competition does to our commercial industries, not to mention the exclusion of English clerks from occupying salaried posts which these "volunteers" enjoy without remuneration, far outweighs any possible benefits which accrue from their presence in our midst; and it is, in my judgment, a matter which should receive consideration when questions affecting the trading of alien firms in this country after the war come to be dealt with by our legislators.

Yours faithfully,

E. W. HIBBARD.

#### SHOULD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BE CLOSED?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glendora,

Hindhead, Surrey.

SIR,—Canon Alexander, the Treasurer of St. Paul's Cathedral, has just made, from inside knowledge, the statement that the central pier supporting the great dome of the cathedral is in a state of senile decay and consequent danger of collapse.

One would imagine that this announcement indicates a very real risk to worshippers until the weakness is entirely rectified, and, pending the completion of this work, should not the cathedral be closed entirely to the public?

People will hesitate to believe that the church authorities have contemplated what would be the effect, during the war, of a terrible catastrophe in service time, brought about by the giving way of the imperilled and weight-carrying pillar. There are many churches, now little used, in the City where alternative services could be held by the cathedral clergy and choir until the noble old structure is made entirely safe.

Your obedient servant,

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

#### THE SOUTH DOWNS IN AUTUMN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Durrington, Worthing.

SIR,—In a late issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW it was said that a mill was removed from the Level at Brighton to Ditchling Hill. I can remember the Level for 65 years, and another member of the family for 70 years, and there was no mill there then. There is a large engraving of a cricket match on the Level between Kent and Sussex; all the members are portrayed in tall hats, Messrs. L. Pitch and Tom Box, the Sussex wicket-keeper, in a cap, St. Peter's church in the background, but no mill. The descent from the Level up the Ditchling Road is very steep for the first half-mile, and after that a gradual ascent to Hallingbury, an ancient British camp, on the right; on the opposite side a copse, on the south side of which the late Mr. Halliwell Phillips, the Shakesperean, built a house forty years ago; a mile farther on is a sharp curve in the road at the top of a small 'combe or hollow, with a very sharp descent and ascent; the road then rises the whole way, skirting the western wall of a park, the seat of the Pelhams, Earls of Chichester; then on to the Ditchling Beacon, which is about 700 ft. above sea level. This spot is very beautiful in August, there being large quantities of graceful blue harebells and patches of the large belled purple heath. I lived three years on the Ditchling Road, and have walked it many times and know it perfectly. I think it would be impossible to move a mill 5½ miles up here with any number of oxen. The mill could be denuded of its sweeps and steps, but what about the centre standard that goes down through the round house and also of the round house itself?

The shepherd's account of the 1,200 flock of sheep at Tangdean—it should be Pangdean, I think—is no doubt correct. The house stands on the east side of the London and Brighton road, about a quarter of a mile south of Clayton Hill, in the parish of Pyecombe; it was then in the occupation of a Mr. Verrall, I think, one of the old East Sussex family of that name; but these large flocks of 1,000 or 1,200 have all disappeared; like the breeders and owners, the yeomen and large farmers of the South Downs, they are nearly all extinct, and one never sees a flock of more than 300 or 400. Another inhabitant of the Downs has nearly disappeared, the fallow-chat or wheatear. Years ago there were hundreds of them, and the shepherds made turf traps on the hill sides and caught them, and sold them to the poulterers in Brighton and Worthing, and they hung in festoons in their shops, like the larks; now there are only a few. I understand they are increasing a little, as they are protected. They are migrants, arriving the last week in March, and leaving the last week in October. They are rather smaller than the lark, the plumage, dark brown, with ash breast, a large white patch from the centre of the back to the end of the tail, which is very prominent in flight; they build in tufts of grass, and have four or five pale blue eggs.

I know the South Downs from Lewis to Arundel, a stretch of nearly thirty miles.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD HYDE.

#### SOME ERRORS OF MACAULAY. To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

82, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.

SIR,—Mr. Montague's list of errors is a very small one compared with the number that research has discovered in Macaulay's brilliant, but grossly biased and Whiggish narrative. The most glaring of these are enumerated in a volume called "The New Examen", by John Paget, published by Blackwood in 1861. They are divided into five heads: 1, The Duke of Marlborough; 2, The Massacre of Glencoe; 3, The Highlands of Scotland; 4, Viscount Dundee (whose name, by the way, is always given as "James" instead of "John" in the "History"); 5, William Penn. No reply was ever made by Macaulay to Mr. Paget's indictment. In fact, to answer it was hopeless. Just thirty-six years ago I happened to lend this book to my dear old friend, Canon William Bright, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, than whom no one ever existed with a keener historical judgment or a more passionate hatred of unscrupulous partisanship. I quote an extract from his letter in reply. "I return the 'New Examen' with many thanks and with an increased sense of the mysterious success of untruth and injustice in the realm of literature. Some day I suppose Nemesis will overtake the memory of Macaulay, and then Paget's name will be held in honour—a good many years too late. That such a book should never have reached a second edition! I have now got a copy of it for myself."

I have always thought that the most unscrupulous and malignant abuse of powers of vituperation to be found in the whole history of literature is the virulent attack by Macaulay in "Edinburgh Review" of 1831 on J. W. Croker's edition of Boswell's "Johnson". It had avowedly nothing to do with the merits of the work in question, but was the result of his personal hatred of Croker, and in especial because Croker had in Parliament utterly demolished a showy and unsubstantial speech of Macaulay in one of the Reform Bill debates. He writes to a friend in July 1831: "See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the 'Blue and Yellow'." I detest him more than cold boiled veal." The whole affair is explained in full in "Croker's Correspondence and Diaries", vol. ii., pp. 46-49.

There is far too great a tendency, even in the present day, to allow Macaulay's brilliance to blind us to his unscrupulousness.

Yours, etc.,

E. W. URQUHART.

## REVIEWS.

### A STRING OF PEARLS.

"The Orient Pearls: Indian Folk-lore." By Shovona Devi. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

IN the effort to "increase the happiness of mankind" some rigid utilitarians of the early nineteenth century moved against fairies, giants, and enchanted castles. Since, they said, a little experience in life would convince the young that these things are not to be met with in the world, why fill their minds with fantastic visions instead of useful knowledge? Let the "juvenile library" contain only such books as cultivate the moral feelings and create a taste for knowledge. Mrs. Marcet's "Chemical Dialogues", for example, possessed power for the "clearing away romantic ideas and poetic images from the mind". Rather than be familiar with "golden combs" and "magic mirrors," it were well the child sought entertainment at his mother's dressing-table; fingering and asking: "How can the horns of a cow be made flat so as to be cut into the shape of a comb?" Sooner than be prating of fabulous beasts he should be led to acquire knowledge through remarking at table on "the back-bone and fins and gills of a fish, every bone and joint of a fowl or a hare." In short, during one dull age English little ones were in danger of losing their own heritage of truths imaginatively conveyed and morals wisely taught. But a memory intervened. "Babies," the author of "Rasselas" had pronounced, "do not like to hear stories of babies like themselves; they require to have their imaginations raised by tales of giants, and fairies, and castles and enchantment." Partly, then, through the power of a name Edgeworthian tactics failed and the youthful fancy continued to be fed with "sweetmeats" of bird, and beast, and tree and flower of faery.

Not less, indeed, but more are folk-stories to be valued for the complexion they put upon universal life, for the manner in which they set all good existences upon one friendly and mutually beneficent basis. Therein, at least, beasts love and are loved, trust and are trusted by man. They claim kindred with him. They make free to exchange forms with him when expediency bids. A child's attitude towards nature cannot but be happily influenced by fairy tales, his instinctive philosophy triumphing over apparent knots and tangles. Are wicked beasts among the good and evil plants amongst the bland? Then so much the nearer do beasts and plants approach the likeness of fairy-tale humanity.

From India come the kindest fables of animals, and supreme amongst them are those that tell of the cow; for in India the cow is of all creatures the most dear. No love in other lands for domestic beasts can pass that of the Hindu woman and her children for the milk-bearer, the fount, almost, of their health and well-being. The acts of either represent a perpetual interchange of gratitude. Her best yield is to the hands of those that love and cherish her. "Milk," once said a Hindu, "is the only food that is the product of love." This is beautifully suggested in a story in Shovona Devi's collection. When the "Wishing cow of Indra", Kam Dhenu, comes down from heaven to nourish and protect an orphan boy, "I yield," she says to him, "a never-ending supply of milk. You can live on it and give me your wretched crust in exchange."

The cow is sacred, her milk is sacred, and, by the ancient doctrine of sympathy which gave to animals their specific kindred in the vegetable world, the milky juice of certain plants is also sacred. In many parts of the world the tradition lingers of some wondrous nature in milk. And this may well be the foundation of stories of certain "vivifying waters" and "waters of strength". There is known a Hottentot legend in which "the heart of a girl whom a lion has killed and eaten is extracted from the lion and placed in a calabash filled with milk. The calabash increased in size, and in proportion to this the

girl grew again inside it." Again, from the New Hebrideans comes a story of the efficacy of cocoa-nut milk to remove "defilements" after births and deaths. The milk of the cow, however, had but one nature and that of the best. The "milk" in plants had two. Thus "Soma", the magic, strengthening drink of Indra, is taken to be a species of *Asclepias*, a genus of plants called swallow-worts having milky juice. These plants are mostly poisonous, but one—the cow-plant of Ceylon, *Gymnema lactefirum*—is innocuous and is sometimes used as milk. It would seem that in the story, "The Wages of Sin", the point turns upon this very difference between the two plants of the one genus. In the absence of her seven brothers, so runs the tale, Bija, the heroine, becomes persecuted by her seven sisters-in-law. By the aid of crows and finches she accomplishes two of the three seemingly impossible tasks set her by the spiteful women. But for the third she must go and fetch from the wood the milk of the "Akanda plant" that is described in a footnote as *Asclepias gigantea*. "The wood was a great distance away by the side of a river, and was full of dangerous animals, and none dared to go there alone and unarmed." As, however, Bija approached the spot, sobbing and crying, she encountered her brothers returning home, and in answer to their enquiries invented a story that their wives were "suffering from a kind of eye disease" and had sent her for a little of the milk from the Akanda plant. The brothers "immediately got together enough of it in a cup made out of a leaf, and taking their sister with them hurried home." But on receiving the fluid the wicked women "put a few drops of the Akanda milk into their eyes, and lo! they became blind." Now, a passage occurs in W. R. G. Ralston's "Russian Folk-Tales" (1873) that might well relate to the several actions of the good and bad *Asclepias*. "Sometimes," it explains, "we meet with two magic fluids, one of which heals all wounds and restores sight to the blind and vigour to the cripple, while the other destroys all that it touches."

It is usual to think comprehensively of fairy lore as Oriental or Occidental. Yet a very brief survey of tales of all nations proves the most of them to belong in substance to "the common heirloom of the Indo-European race". The setting of these jewels is in accordance with the manner of the country in which they are domesticated; whilst they themselves originated, it would appear, in one primal bed. Though the genesis of a folk-story should be forgotten in the abyss of time, yet the allegory by whose means it once inculcated natural, moral, or religious truths remains one "pearl", whether set in fashion of North, South, East or West. "The Golden Parrot" of the Indian tale—to take a myth known always, everywhere—is subject to curious variations as it is moulded by the tale-tellers of different nations. There is, however, invariably, as central motive, the Golden Bird holding its properties of Light or Fire. And, invariably, he is secured by the youngest of three or of seven brothers that are sent by their father upon the quest. Invariably, also, the brothers, being envious, rob the younger, kill him, and return home with the bird, only to be presently confronted with their victim, miraculously restored to life, and to receive through his witness just punishment or conditional pardon. These main features do not alter, but constitute the actual pearl. Into the setting, however, smaller jewels of allegory and of symbolism are legitimately introduced. The bird may or may not steal "golden apples", or be concerned with mysteries of "wings," or possess a wondrous "healing" voice. The youngest prince is or is not aided by fox, or wolf, or golden horse, or the princess in a golden castle. The story, moreover, may appear in a comic atmosphere as in an Icelandic variant, or in a horrible environment as in a Russian version. Such accidents do not affect the main fabric, which is believed to conserve early ideas of great natural forces.

The student of folk-tales gains more than a passing entertainment from Shovona Devi's interesting

collection. In particular there is room for a whole volume of commentary upon the story, "The Bride of the Sword", adorned as it is with attending mythical circumstances that own counterparts and variations over all the world. For the young the book arrives in a propitious hour. Their fantastic imagination, that dips each conception of truth into faery, should find wells of "ambrosia" in the Indian Tales. It is a book "to increase the happiness of mankind". Whether young or old, few, surely, will turn the last page without desiring yet another string of "Pearls" from hands so apt and sympathetic in the task of selection and of presentation.

#### THE AUGUSTAN REFUGE.

"The Peace of the Augustans." By George Saintsbury. Bell. 8s. 6d. net.

[REVIEWED BY JOHN PALMER.]

WE wonder why, exactly, Mr. Saintsbury has chosen the eighteenth century for his especial refuge? Is it that he goes to the eighteenth century in the spirit of Hazlitt, who always rather liked to praise and to enjoy things which were not too popular? Mr. Saintsbury has the scholar's dislike of running with the crowd, and by choosing to dwell in the eighteenth century he certainly contrives to avoid the crowd of to-day, for the eighteenth century is not popular. It has paid the penalty for being too entirely satisfied with itself in its own time by being rather less admired by its successors than it deserves. The eighteenth century had its own standards. It was self-contained and self-sufficient. It understood very well all that concerned it, and was almost entirely blind and deaf as to everything which lay outside. It deliberately cut itself off from the period which preceded it, and the period which followed it was mainly concerned with laying in ruins all that it valued. Therefore it lies to-day on the further side of a literary watershed. Whereas we feel that Shelley or Byron belongs to our own epoch, we regard Addison, Steele, Defoe, and Pope as belonging almost to another world. We are, indeed, more in tune with Fuller or with Francis Bacon than with the Augustans. The Augustans speak well; but they do not speak with us to-day in our own accent. As a consequence of this the eighteenth century is reserved for scholars, or at least for those whose acquaintance with literature is not slight or casual. It is a place of retirement from the reading crowd, and one cannot help thinking that this is one of the reasons why Mr. Saintsbury has taken it as his especial field.

For Mr. Saintsbury clearly has a profound distrust of things that are popular. His admiration for the Augustans is whetted by his dislike for the popular authors of to-day. He loves Addison, not merely by reason of Addison's merits, but also by reason of the demerits of the more modern style of journalism. He loves the formality, repose, and reserve of the Augustans because he intensely dislikes the go-as-you-please, epigrammatic "brilliance" of our modern novelists. He enjoys the classic form of a couplet by Pope because he resents the deliberate outrages upon Classicism perpetrated by some of our "Georgian" poets. To Mr. Saintsbury, in fact, the eighteenth century does really offer an escape from much that is rather distressing and deplorable in contemporary literature. It may seem to some of us that his brief for the eighteenth century is a little too extravagantly urged; but even those who do not share Mr. Saintsbury's enthusiasm to the full will admit that the brief is opportune. Many of our young poets and novelists of to-day would be better for a closer acquaintance with the eighteenth century and its works. They would learn from it lessons of decorum and moderation. They would learn not to raise their voices. They would learn a respect for language. They would learn not to mistake sound for sense. They would learn healthy contempt for loose reasoning and flashy paradox. They would learn to tighten up their thinking and to tone down their phrasing. They would learn to get their



material into better order and shape, and not to unload themselves quite so lavishly and loudly upon their readers. Mr. Saintsbury is entirely right to insist upon the value to this generation of the Augustan qualities.

Nevertheless, we gravely doubt whether the mass of readers to-day—even educated readers—will be very apt to accept without reserve the hospitality of the Augustan refuge so charmingly offered to them in Mr. Saintsbury's book. Mr. Saintsbury has given to his book a sub-title—"A Survey of Eighteenth Century Literature as a Place of Rest and Refreshment", and he offers it quite definitely as an opportunity of escape from the worries and emotions of the noisy and harsh realities of the present. Here, he seems to say, is a pruned and sheltered garden lying between the wilder growths of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. Here we shall meet with nothing crude, obscure or disquieting. You will not be tempted to grasp at sublime things which lie beyond your reach. You will meet with prudent, companionable spirits who will talk to you of intelligible things. Even their agonies shall be well arranged. Their deepest reflections will be rendered to you firmly and clearly. You will never be startled or put out of countenance. All shall be orderly, in good form and digested.

It is an attractive sketch, but is Mr. Saintsbury quite sure that literature ought really to be regarded as a refuge from the actual? When the people of to-day desire to escape through literature from their own immediate concerns, do they necessarily require to escape from their own time into a time entirely dissimilar? Is it not rather the fact that the literature which most refreshes, heartens, absorbs, and takes one out of oneself is a literature which does not seek to escape from the present, but seeks, on the contrary, to express it? The literature we need to-day is a literature which shall give to our own distress a significance and a beauty which will enable us the better to understand and to endure it. The best comfort for a man troubled with speculation is the tragedy of "Hamlet", because the tragedy of "Hamlet" gives a universal voice to his own merely personal disquiet. People are the more reconciled to suffer or be perplexed if they can be brought to feel that their suffering or perplexity can be expressed and dignified as high art. The best refuge for men and women to-day from the pity and terror of the events of to-day would be an art or literature which brought out the universal significance of what is happening about them, and staged, as it were, their hopes and fears in a drama of which they could be the spectators. The best escape from one's individual tragedy is the ability to get outside it, and to become, in a sense, its audience. And this escape can only be offered by literature when literature deals with present fact and feeling. The tendency to look on literature as a mere distraction, as something which is to take us away from life, is not a healthy tendency. Certainly the eighteenth century did no such thing. The whole success of the eighteenth century lay in its being an entirely perfect expression of itself. It did not seek to escape from itself, but to express itself. It was a period of equilibrium, when men avoided all extremes of passion or speculation, worshipped stability and repose in their politics, society, philosophy, and religion, and in all things regarded themselves as "placed on the isthmus of a middle state". This spirit is everywhere expressed in the literature of the eighteenth century. The eighteenth century did not seek a refuge from itself in its books, nor are we to-day any more likely to do so. The escape which Mr. Saintsbury offers us is well enough if we regard it

merely as an excursion; but it is no permanent refuge or substitute for the self-expression and self-knowledge which every vital period naturally craves.

Least of all is the Augustan refuge fitted to satisfy us at the present time. The contrast is too painful when the social and political fabric is tumbling about us amid problems and heroisms unparalleled. Pope and Addison, with their smooth and leisurely content in all things, must strike us rather as a mockery than as a solace. Very few figures of the eighteenth century are at all endurable as continuous company to-day, and they are only endurable by virtue of qualities which can hardly be said to be peculiar to their century. There are, for example, Swift and Johnson. Mr. Saintsbury is hard put to it to bring these two giants into his formula. They do not walk at all easily in the clipped garden of the Augustans. If they stood at all with Pope upon his isthmus they rose very far above a pure content with that middle state which so entirely satisfied most of their contemporaries. These two men plumbed as deep as any of the romantics, and Mr. Saintsbury does not question their singularity among the people he describes. He can claim them for the eighteenth century only by virtue of their manner. Johnson, for all his high intellectual grasp and immense humanity, expresses himself always with dignity, exactness, and repose. His deep feeling is never allowed to trouble the surface of his expression. Similarly Swift, even when his passion reaches an appalling intensity, carefully avoids "making all split". Swift and Johnson, in a word, conform to their age in exteriors; but Mr. Saintsbury has strained his formula to breaking in order to include them. The fact remains that the power of these men to refresh and sustain us to-day resides in the storm and vigour of their spirit—in the qualities they share with the greatest men of all times. Their repose is the product of an immense and driving energy, the secret of which we have in this age to recover again for ourselves in our own time and fashion.

#### THE GREATNESS OF RUSSIA.

"Self-Government in Russia." By Paul Vinogradoff. Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

IT was in 1682 that John Milton the poet published his "Brief History of Moscovia", a lively treatise in five chapters. He collected information from the writings of eye-witnesses, and his aim was "to save the reader a far longer travail of wandering through so many desert authors, who yet with some delight drew me after them from the Eastern bounds of Russia to the walls of Cathay". We know not what Professor Vinogradoff thinks of Milton's gatherings, but he is doing now with success what Milton tried to do two hundred and thirty-four years ago: that is to say, he dispels from many English minds a blank ignorance of Russian history and life and character.

In four chapters Professor Vinogradoff traces the outlines of Russian evolution, with the organisation of self-government, the recent progress in popular education, and the wonderful work done by self-governing bodies since August 1914. The pages are quiet, thoughtful, and judicious; there is no propaganda, and great events fall one by one into their right places in the perspective of a long and vast development. For the most part, Russian progress has hitherto rested too much upon a series of speculative experiments based on Western ideas, and not sufficiently upon spontaneous growth and change coming from within the ancient and multiform national life and temperament.

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True progress creeps, it does not run, and borrowing ideas of statesmanship from other countries is likely to produce fashions which reactionary movements will soon reject. Again and again sharp reactions have occurred in Russia, and many more will come if her brave and patient citizens are inoculated too often with the virus of Western fads.

Professor Vinogradoff says: "It is a pity that mutual confidence between Government and Society does not exist, but I think it will be found that Russian intellectuals will continue their efforts in the direction of self-government with the same stubborn resolve which has been shown by the Russian armies in the field." British Conservatives will add to these words the hope that Russian intellectuals will keep away from Western cranks and will note with care the evils which have grown in France and Britain from many "progressive ideals", so called. Russia's danger is not the virile youth of her social backwardness; it is the ease with which perilous ideas of a seductive sort can be imported into her towns and country places. In other words, it appears to us that Russian reformers have been trying to go too fast, unhindered by the darker aspects of modernity.

A Worldly Wiseman would make the best reformer if he set his mind to the work. Instead of starting out from abstract ideas or from difficult principles, he would give concrete object-lessons in progress, improving the people's homes and devising good sanitation for their towns and villages. He would work for comfort, because people really do desire to be safer and more comfortable.

Russian reformers have not been inspired by worldly or practicable views: they have been modern idealists, as a rule, with a great passion for words and phrases. In a few years they have accomplished almost half the journey separating the people's illiteracy from a system of universal education, and have forgotten meantime such a training in social manners and customs as civic sanitation would bring to everybody. The crying need of sanitation was felt very soon after the outbreak of war. "Unless measures of sanitary reform were carried out on a wide scale", says Professor Vinogradoff, "there would be imminent danger of the spread of infectious diseases. To mention one point: towns in which cavalry units had been formed were littered with refuse from the horses, and yet, not to speak of sewerage, which existed only in seventeen towns out of 996, a great number of municipalities were deficient even in ordinary barrels for sanitary transport. Water supply was also far from sufficient, and its use was not properly organised." It's the old story of social reformers—too busy with vast dreams to be quite rational.

Professor Vinogradoff writes a most interesting chapter on popular education in Russia, and we wonder what the ultimate result will be, for the main thing in the historic life of Russia is religion, and the competition between religious schools and lay schools has never failed in modern times to give precedence to the latter. Is Russia to pass through lay schools into free thought and agnosticism? If so, what will the effect be on her ancient peasantry? Already there is a strong opposition between Church schools and secular schools, and it has "proved to be the most dangerous rock for projects of thorough-going reform and rapid progress". The Duma reformers and the Synod do not look at "reform" and "progress" from the same viewpoint, and it is easy for Englishmen to sympathise with the Synod, for they have learnt from experience that the fruits of general education are apt to be sour and un nourishing.

If Russia can get the right sort of general education and the right sort of self-government, then her efforts will be original; but her best friends in England, meantime, give their best attention to those of her qualities which are old and venerable. The patriotism of her people has ever been wonderful, and their patient courage has gone hand in hand with religious fervour and a simple and binding charity. It is mainly of these old qualities that Professor Vinogradoff speaks

in his last chapter, and he shows them all at work together in spontaneous phases of self-government for the relief of the sick and wounded and for the clothing of soldiers. They organise vast schemes very swiftly and do great things with the least possible delay and friction. Here is a chapter to be read many times. We should be proud indeed if our own civilians had shown of their own accord on the outbreak of war the same co-ordinated initiative and enterprise, without wasting a moment on unnecessary talk. "Nothing could surpass the devotion and collective efficiency of these improvised hosts", says Professor Vinogradoff, who gives abundant facts to illustrate the enormous work that they achieved, "bearing up with every kind of hardship and privation." Moscow alone, by 1 December 1914, had 66,646 fully equipped beds for the sick and wounded, with 1,314 hospitals and hospital wards; and no fewer than 239,682 cases had passed through the Moscow distribution centres, as well as 31,103 prisoners.

Voluntaryism in Russia has done wonderful things in associated discipline and planning, though some of its greatness has been hindered by bureaucratic fossils. Says Professor Vinogradoff: "Russian society in its counties and towns is passing, as it were, the test of a most severe examination, and the results achieved could not be more brilliant. No one will have the right henceforth to speak contemptuously of the lack of initiative or the inability of the Russians to manage corporate interests. Innumerable workers, drawn from all groups of society, have given their time and strength without stint or bargain to the common cause; they have continued their efforts under tremendous pressure for months and months; they have solved difficult problems set before them without any warning, and somehow their capacities for action have proved as elastic as the tasks themselves."

In a word, Russian civilians have been as thorough as the Russian troops.

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By A. M. W. Stirling. Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS new book by Mrs. Stirling is as welcome as were its predecessors. It is made up of seven biographical essays, all linked together in an entertaining way, sometimes by means of kinship between the lives described, and sometimes by bonds of friendship, as in J. F. Herring's connection with the Spencer-Stanhope family. But there is no need to pay much attention to this part of Mrs. Stirling's work: it is a pleasant artifice, not an essential of art, in essay-writing. Each study is complete in itself, and its material comes mainly from sources which have not been used by other writers. The treatment is deft, lively, various, and with just enough feeling for the roundabout to prevent the plan from becoming a stiff garment, a thing at odds with the waywardness of human life.

No reader need feel called upon to travel through the book from page 1 to page 345. Any one of the seven papers makes an excellent beginning, a delightful recreation, for here is a "bedside book", to be enjoyed at random, in a rambling routine of our own making. The last essay brings us to August 2 1908, but, though nearest to our own day, it is in many respects the most remote from the outside welter of human realities. It deals with a painter of dreams, the late Roddam Spencer-Stanhope, a pre-Raphaelite, and a visionary of noble character. "No matter what genius may arise out of the mists of the future", says Mrs. Stirling, "the glory of Stanhope's colouring, the rare magic of his inspiration, will remain unique and supreme". We fear that this prophecy will be denied in the future, as it is to-day. The world has gone away from the pre-Raphaelites and cannot return to them, unless Art and her patrons drift away once more from life into a pageantry of dreams. So far as anyone can see at present, the quietism and the comfort that ruled over so many Victorian ideals have gone for ever; "the mists of the future" hold contests and crises, in the midst of which painters must play their part as brave citizens, and not as hermits in isles of dreams, in unsubstantial fairy places.

But the essay on Stanhope, fearfully distant from to-day, is yet essential history, like the pacifism with which our islands trifled, until they had to fight for their right to live. Milton declares that our nation is neither slow nor dull, but quick, ingenious and with a piercing spirit, "not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to". The illusions of Victoria's time, and later, ran counter to Milton's words. It is thus the realistic essays in this book that we prefer, and they take us beyond the Victorian period, and beyond Waterloo, to a Georgian scrap-book compiled by Diana Bosville, who put humour into her collection of odds and ends. Here is one of her cuttings:

"At Exeter in the year 1737 some fishermen near the City, drawing the net ashore, a creature of human shape, having two legs, leapt out and ran away swiftly; not being able to overtake it, they knocked it down by throwing sticks after it. At their coming up to it, it was dying, and groaned like a human creature: its feet were webbed like a duck's, it had eyes, nose and mouth resembling those of a man, only the nose somewhat depressed; tail not unlike a salmon's, only turning up towards its back, and was four feet high. It was publicly shown at the time."

But Diana Bosville was not less interested in Edward the Black Prince, and J. J. Rousseau, and Lord Clive, and Bishop Cranmer, and Dean Swift, and Pitt, Burke, Dr. Johnson, and fashionable fainting, and a host of other subjects. She was among the early press-cutting agencies. In another essay (p. 224 et seq.) we encounter the Duke of Wellington and Mary Patterson, whom he followed over half the continent, causing not a little scandal. For the rest, the book is very well printed, and the fifteen illustrations are well-chosen.

## NOVELS.

## TWO AMERICAN WRITERS.

"The Foolish Virgin." By Thomas Dixon; "Record No. 33." By Ida Clyde Clarke. Appleton. 6s. each.

"WHAT are American dry goods?" asks a character in one of Oscar Wilde's books.

"American novels", was the reply.

The time when this reproach was true—if it were ever true—is certainly not now. Whatever else may be said of the American novel of to-day—and a great many things may be said—it is impossible to condemn them on the score of dryness. They are pre-eminently swift, alert, alive. While it is possible on many grounds to find fault with their style, their showiness, pretence and carelessness, they have, as a rule, what a large number of English novels lack, a broad and vital human interest. They palpitate. The two novels published by Messrs. Appleton are excellent examples of their kind. Intensely and often crudely melodramatic, the plots of neither of them will stand the test of minute examination. They are written with a kind of breathlessness that is always hurrying on eagerly to some intense situation, some climax that shall leave the reader gasping. And, in the expressive phraseology of American slang, somehow they manage to "get there". The "superior" reader may regard them with amused contempt, but the ordinary carnal man who seeks in fiction a relaxation will find in them what he seeks. In arresting and holding the attention of the reader the American novelist has not much to learn, and while we may sometimes scorn his devices, it is only right that we should acknowledge his success.

"The Foolish Virgin" is the story of a young and romantic girl who rushes into marriage with a man of whom she knows nothing because he appears to be outwardly the man of her dreams. She soon discovers that he is a dangerous and desperate criminal, and the problem arises as to what she shall do, leave him or try to reform him. The story is cleverly told, and has a strength and vigour about it that carry the reader through triumphantly to the eminently satisfactory finish.

"Record No. 33" has an element of *bizarrie* about it. Another romantic maiden—oh, these romantic maidens of America!—falls in love with a voice which she hears on a gramophone record. It seemed to her like a "strong, swift undertone that was sweeping her soul out to the unknown sea". Judging by the gramophone records we have heard, the maiden must have possessed a very vivid imagination. Anyhow, she goes in search of the possessor of the magical voice, and in her search becomes involved in a very intricate and complicated mystery which comes near to wrecking her life. It is all highly ingenious, and is an instance of how an expert fiction writer can find materials even in such apparently unpromising subjects as gramophone records.

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### CULLODEN CONSOLIDATED.

THE first Annual General Meeting of the Culloden Consolidated Co., Ltd., was held on Tuesday, Mr. Arthur A. Baumann presiding.

The Chairman said: You will see from the report and accounts that since the incorporation of the company in April last we had at the credit of the revenue account on 31 December—a period of 8½ months—£21,345, and after paying you an interim dividend, free of income-tax, in the autumn, which absorbed £3,767, we have left £17,577, out of which we propose to pay you a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making 10 per cent., free of income-tax, to transfer to the reserve account a sum of £1,867, and to carry forward to next account £1,407. The profits from the sales of shares amounted to £10,632, which we have carried direct to a reserve account, which will stand in the books now at the sum of £12,500. It is the object of the board to pass capital profits—profits realised by the sale of securities—to capital, or, in other words, to a reserve account. With regard to the value of your assets, the book value of your investments at the time of the incorporation of the company was £190,416. The estimated market value to-day is £359,973, which you will see is rather more than double the value of your capital when you started. I do not wish you to attach an exaggerated importance to that market valuation, which, of course, varies from time to time. With regard to the financial position, I am sure you must have been pleased to read how very considerably the debts of the company have been reduced. When we started the net liabilities which we took over were £58,502. At the date of making up the balance-sheet they were £11,713, showing a reduction of debt of £46,789. We have been making money for you with a depleted staff—a staff depleted by the exigencies of war. One of our colleagues, Major Ind, is with the Army at Boulogne, and three of our clerks have joined the Colours.

Barring untoward accidents, I see no reason why this company should not continue to build up a substantial reserve to pay off its debts, which are now only £14,000, and to continue paying you substantial and uninterrupted dividends. There is only one little blot upon our escutcheon—one drop of bitter in the cup of sweetness—you are not allowed to deal in your shares upon the Stock Exchange, your wealth is locked up under the ban of the Treasury Committee for the regulation of fresh issues. I can assure you I have done my very best to settle this matter amicably. I have prayed to Lord St. Aldwyn as earnestly as ever the prophets of Baal prayed for a little fire—surely not an unreasonable request—to that divinity. Lord St. Aldwyn has behaved as a god—either he is talking, or he is on a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awaked. Indeed, it is high time the Treasury Committee were awaked to the strong feeling of indignation which has arisen not only in the City, but among business men in the provinces, against their methods and procedure. A petition to the Treasury is being got up in the City among company solicitors and company directors, asking for a new tribunal, and I am sure you will authorise me, on behalf of the shareholders of this company, of whom there are 3,000, to sign that petition. We should all of us be glad to submit our business affairs to any amount of regulation by the Treasury for the benefit of the country if we could see that it conducted in any way to the successful prosecution of the war. I absolutely fail to perceive how locking up people's money so that they cannot, even if they would, subscribe to war loans conduces to the successful prosecution of the war, or is other than a very foolish policy. It is not by laying violent hands on the accumulated hoardings of the country that you will pay for the war. It is rather by allowing people to turn over their capital freely, and to trade; for it is out of the profits of trade and out of the savings of those profits that a war is successfully financed. It is not done by trying to force and bully people into subscribing to a war loan by locking up their capital in cold storage. Either Lord St. Aldwyn's Committee must change its methods of procedure, or that Committee must itself be changed. There is a peculiar injustice in our case because the Committee, acting with that caprice which has marked its decisions, has granted its sanction for the issue of fresh capital to another company in precisely the same position as ourselves—the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust.

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MR. H. GORDON SELFRIDGE, presiding at the Annual Meeting of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., held yesterday, said:—This business is six years and eleven months old, and in the annual report, which is before you, we show a net profit of £150,222 15s. 1d. To this is added the amount carried forward from last year, i.e., £40,889 15s. 5d. From this total of £191,112 10s. 6d. we have paid the debenture interest, £18,627; the preference dividend, £42,000; the balance of the preliminary expenses account, £5,754 13s. 4d. (making a total of £138,337 of preliminary expenses entirely paid out of profits and eliminated from the balance-sheet during the past five years). We have appropriated £10,000 to the depreciation of fixtures, which already stood at a very conservative figure, and £6,000 to writing down investments. This leaves £108,730 17s. 2d., from which it is proposed to pay a dividend of 6 per cent., amounting to £30,000, on the ordinary shares, and carry forward £78,730 17s. 2d., or over £18,000 more that will be required to pay debenture interest and preference dividend next year. The first half of the year was difficult, the second half not so much so, but the matter of expense of doing business has been and is one of continually growing importance. Our ability to keep our expense per cent. down considerably below that of any previous year is entirely owing to our large increase in trade—a factor which we shall certainly endeavour to make an annual feature in our reports. It is well, perhaps, to note that this increase in trade has in no way reflected extravagance on the part of the buying public. Their purchases are, on the contrary, almost exclusively confined to necessities, and recognising this condition as inevitable, we planned our stocks many months ago so that we should be able to offer the maximum of value in just those classes of merchandise. Articles of pure luxury have, for the moment, almost ceased to be saleable, and the public, as far as our enormous clientele is concerned, seem to have earnestly accepted as their own, the Government's urgent request that careful economy be practised. We may also add that this increase has come without any aid from Government orders or contracts. By about January 1915 the purchasing departments of the War and other Departments of the Government had become so organised that they were able to place orders direct with the makers, and while we have had daily opportunities to tender on lots of all kinds of goods for Governmental use, we have not made such tenders. We felt that makers should be the entire "source of supply" for the very large quantities required, and that being true it was a business which the manufacturers should do rather than merchants like ourselves. It is not difficult to see why this large increase has come in our trade. It is because the members of the great public are acquiring continually a more absolute feeling of confidence in this store as their accepted and acknowledged buying headquarters. For nearly seven years this House has been building in that direction, and no act, no word, spoken or written, is permitted which departs from that policy. The greatest asset which any business, such as this, can have, is the confidence of the community and the cumulative effects of our determined efforts in that direction have shown themselves in our always-expanding business.

We are fortunate in holding all of the ordinary shares, and thus feel no compunction in making those dividends on a very conservative basis. While we might have declared a very much higher dividend on the ordinaries this year, we are much better pleased to pay 6 per cent. and retain the balance in the business—our money we feel is better invested when under our own eye in a business with the details of which we are thoroughly familiar than when placed in outside undertakings whose difficulties we may know little of. At all events, it is our purpose to look to our own conserved profits for the necessarily constantly increasing capital which a progressive business of this kind requires in the conduct of its regular trading. The amount due to trade and other creditors is lower by £50,000 than last year, while that due to us from sundry debtors is £30,000 less than shown on last report. Cash on hand shows £63,500, being an increase of £20,000. The item under heading of Mortgages is for money advanced to buy leaseholds in Orchard, Oxford, and Somerset Streets, as per contra, to make possible the rebuilding of the west half of the block after the termination of the war. Our stock-in-trade is substantially the same as last year—only £3,000 higher—but we are never so much interested in the amount of stock as in the number of times the stock is turned in the year, and during the last twelve months our number of times turned is greater than that shown by any similar business in the world with whose figures we are familiar. A quick-turning stock means a clean stock and one free from inactive or dead merchandise, and such merchandise is, or should be always, the *bête noire* of the merchant. May I then thank you for your courteous attendance and your attention to these details, which, if you are among our tens of thousands of regular customers, you already know. If you are customers you know our policies of management, our undeviating efforts to win and hold everyone's confidence—our clean stocks—our always lowest prices—our continually growing trade—and if you have businesses or households of your own you know something of that item of rapid and not entirely agreeable growth, Expenses. But one thing which we never forget, and I ask you not to forget, is that this business, founded only yesterday, as it were, is still in its infancy, and the results of this past year which many have been kind enough to call excellent must, before long, be made by comparison to seem very small. This business has but just begun, and it looks to the future with absolute assurance of great and successful progress.

**SOUTH-EASTERN & CHATHAM RAILWAYS.**

A JOINT General Meeting of the proprietors of the South-Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover Railway Companies was held on Tuesday, Mr. H. Cosmo O. Bonsor presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Charles Sheath) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' certificate.

The Chairman said it was a fact that their railways, in proportion to their length, had carried, he believed, more military traffic than any other system in the United Kingdom. They had been running on an average over 100 special trains a day for the Government. The principal increase was naturally in heavy traffic—goods and minerals. At one station alone—which he would not name, although it was a busy one—he found that their goods traffic had increased by upwards of 300 per cent. That was only one instance of the enormous increase in heavy traffic that was taking place on their system. Their railway was formerly called a passenger line, while the Northern lines, which had a much larger proportion of goods traffic, were called heavy lines. War had converted theirs from a passenger line into a heavy line, and it could well be imagined that with this important and new traffic thrown upon the traffic management, without those facilities which the Northern lines possessed for moving heavy traffic, a considerable amount of difficulty had been experienced. The closing of sea-borne traffic to the ports of Kent and on the river had also added considerably to their difficulties. They had received a very large number of trains from the North carrying goods to be dispatched to localities on their own system. This heavy amount of goods traffic had naturally caused a reduction of their passenger train service, and the reduction of their passenger train service had caused overcrowding and slow running. They had still the largest number of metropolitan and suburban stations of any line on their system and a very considerable passenger traffic from those stations. They had four main lines running into London, and any breakdown or bad working reacted on the whole system and caused serious delays. Their Continental passenger traffic had also been most irregular, owing to the very necessary restrictions placed upon them by the Admiralty, and the restriction of lighting had also added considerably to the delays which had taken place on their line. Under such restrictions he was pleased to inform the proprietors that their customers had been most reasonable. They knew perfectly well that a very large proportion of their young men had joined the Colours and that of their more active men a good many had been attracted from them by the very high wages paid in munition factories. He thought it only right to say that if any more of their staff left then he was afraid the Managing Committee would have to consider very seriously the closing of some of their branch lines and, possibly, of their loop lines, but he hoped they would be able to carry on without putting the public to that inconvenience.

Under the arrangement with the Government they had earned £20,000 more for division between the two companies than in 1914, accounted for by the fact that the first half of 1914 had a very poor result in comparison with the first half of 1913. When war broke out, in August 1914, the Managing Committee were looking forward to a very large development, owing to the very heavy capital expenditure which they had made in previous years on the Dover Marine Station and on improvements in giving greater facilities at Margate and at other stations. War deprived them of that benefit and practically they got nothing for the big outlay of capital made in the years previous to the war. The pooling arrangement, under which they had come to an agreement with the Government, did not define any compensation for that loss, but he might say that that and other claims which were not defined would be considered at the proper time. With regard to the Bill which they were promoting in Parliament, in 1900 the Managing Committee obtained powers to widen the Charing Cross Railway Bridge, which widening had become infinitely more necessary since then. As the proprietors were aware, the weight of their trains had increased enormously, and to make full use of Charing Cross Station they wanted a stronger bridge to run those trains to the various platforms. Practically the scheme was in effect to throw another bridge across the Thames 57 ft. wide, and the plans were approved by the Thames Conservancy and also by Parliament. The present Bill was an attempt to avoid projecting another bridge across the river and to get all the facilities they wanted by strengthening the existing bridge. The alterations would much improve the bridge. The scheme had been approved by the Port of London, and the Managing Committee would not have had to trouble the proprietors had it not been that a suburban gas company objected to the scheme on the ground that they were taking away some of the waterway of the Thames. The alternative, if the opposition was successful, or if the proprietors did not approve of their going to Parliament, would be to carry on the existing scheme—a most unsightly one—but powers would have to be taken, and already an arrangement had been come to with the Government for extending the time. It would be thoroughly understood that if they obtained the powers, they could not possibly think of doing any work until the war was over.

A Special General Meeting of the South-Eastern Railway Co. was subsequently held, at which, on the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Lord Hothfield, a resolution was passed authorising the directors to create and issue £500,000 Preference stock, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, redeemable at par on 31 March 1926, the company having the option to redeem the issue at par on or at any time after 31 March 1921.

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